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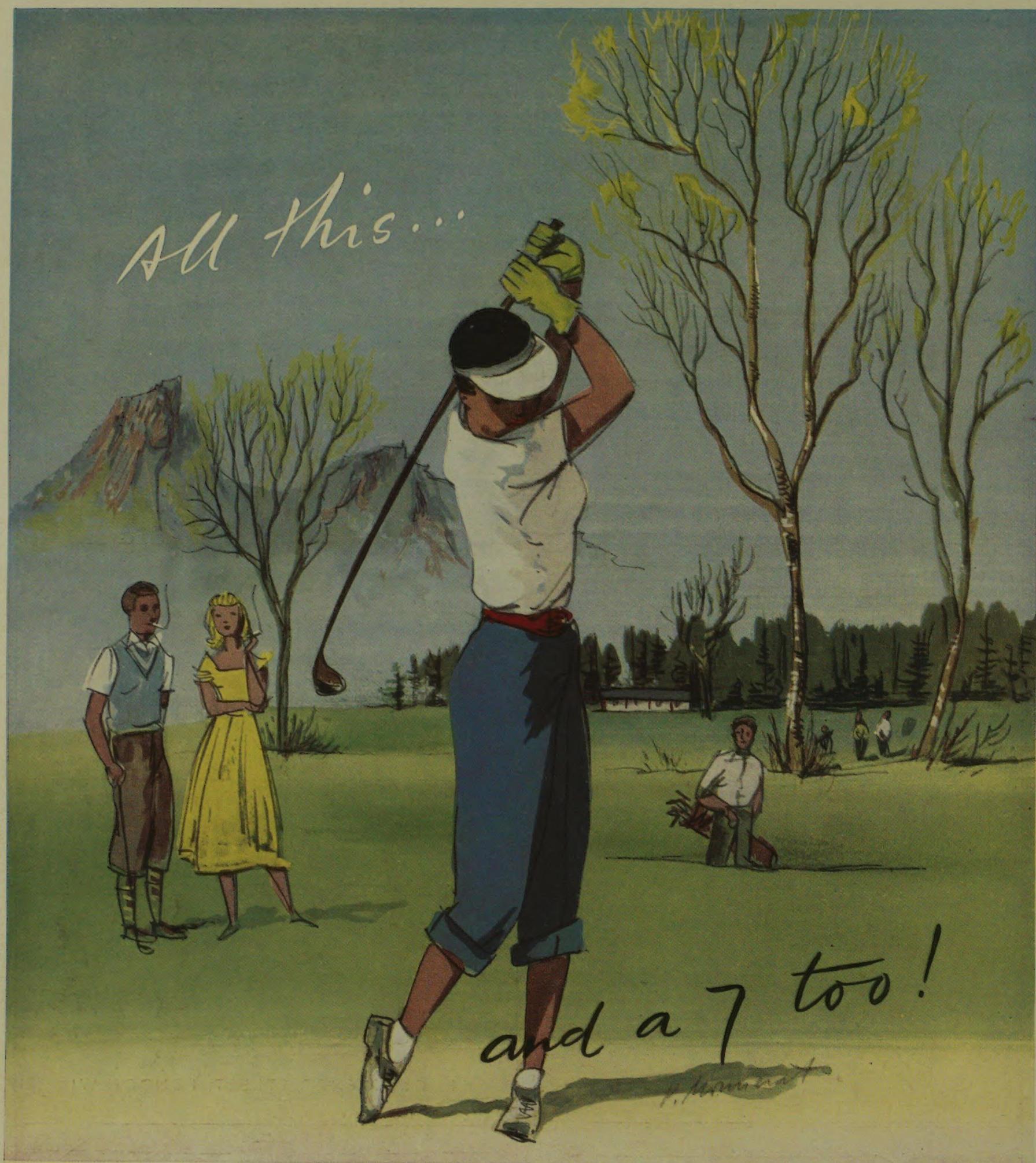
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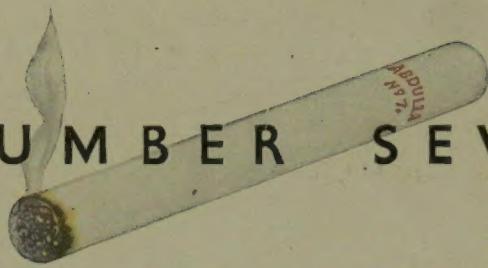
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The green turf firm underfoot . . . and the flicker of a club-head as it swings full circle. The beckoning flap of a flag over the rise ahead . . . and the fir-scented breeze stirring the waiting, wicked rough. The shoulder muscles slipping smoothly back to a comfortable fatigue . . . the grateful few moments of appraisal before it's time to play through. And for perfection one thing more—

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1950



UNITED AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL IN A PRE-ELECTION SERVICE: LEADERS AND MEMBERS OF THE POLITICAL PARTIES  
AT A SERVICE OF "PRAYER AND DEDICATION" ON FEBRUARY 2.

On February 2, the eve of the dissolution of Parliament, and the beginning of the General Election campaign, the leaders of the three main political Parties, with many members of these Parties, attended a service of "prayer and dedication" in St. Paul's Cathedral. In his sermon the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, said: "Those who seek election seek power . . . and those who seek power now seek a terrifying load of responsibility for the maintenance of this great nation in prosperity,

freedom and Godliness, and for its contribution to the world's health and peace." The Primate reminded the congregation of a clause in the Litany "which we may all pray as we approach this election: 'From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice and all uncharitableness: Good Lord, deliver us.'" Our photograph shows (l. to r.) in seats before the chancel steps: Mr. Attlee, Mrs. Attlee, Mr. Churchill, Mrs. Churchill and Mr. Clement Davies.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LAST week on this page—since at the moment we are all being vigorously enjoined by those very vocal public benefactors, the professional politicians, to think exclusively in terms of Party politics—I tried to present a picture of the main outlines of contemporary British life, as I see them, by which a foreigner or a Briton living abroad could test the contradictory and, therefore, confusing statements being made, presumably in all good faith, by the rival candidates for our suffrages. My estimate of these may not have been a just one, but it represented at any rate an attempt to present them dispassionately and to base them on sincere observation and reflection. If they appear to some to cancel one another out, politically speaking, that does not mean that I hold it the duty of any citizen to suspend judgment at a moment of national decision like the present. If a man dislikes despotic or totalitarian government—the only alternative to our present system—and wishes to see resort to popular suffrage preserved, he ought most earnestly to consider how he can best use his vote and, if he has any, his influence, in the manner most likely to secure the best practicable results possible. But in doing so he ought not, as too many Party politicians do, to darken counsel with wild words or indulge in generalisations which a little sincere observation and thought would show him to be untrue.

Nor must we expect too much from the result of this or any other election. I know that many honestly and ardently do so. But elections register popular opinions; they do not do very much to change them. They do not even necessarily register them accurately; the result, for instance, of the General Election of 1931 was to record a far greater national desire for Conservative government than in fact existed, while that of 1945 recorded a far greater national desire for Socialist legislation than really existed. In both elections, particularly that of 1945, the totals of votes cast for the two main parties were not at all uneven, yet the difference in their subsequent representation in the legislature was overwhelming. Legislatively speaking, this may or may not have been a good thing, but, by concealing, it did not in the slightest degree diminish the very real divergence existing in national opinion. We did not, as many listening to the electoral returns at the time supposed, become a predominantly Conservative nation in 1931. Nor did we become a predominantly Socialist one in 1945. In both cases we remained a divided one.

As the more patient readers of this page may have guessed, I am not at all happy about our being a divided people. I want passionately to see us a united one, because I hold that in a world as dangerous as that which we inhabit has now become—a world very different from that of my youth—united we may stand, but divided we shall certainly fall. By united I do not mean that we should all express identically the same views on political issues, as the electors do in totalitarian States—a symptom which would merely indicate that we all stood in an equal and acute fear of our rulers. A moderate and rational divergence of opinion in a free people as to ways and means is natural and proper, arising, as it must, from divergences in temperament, occupation, environment and education. It is moreover exceedingly good for statesmen and administrators, who are never improved

by too much adulation, to encounter constitutional opposition. Indeed, I suspect that one, though only one, of the many reasons for the obvious decline in political ability in this country in the past half-century

RECENTLY CLEANED STONE CORBELS OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



AN ANGEL BEARING A SHIELD WITH THE THREE CROSSES, THOSE OF OUR LORD AND THE THIEVES CRUCIFIED WITH HIM.



AN ANGEL BEARING A SHIELD WITH THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND—HENRY VII. PERIOD.



AN ANGEL BEARING A SHIELD WITH THE SACRED HEART AND THE WOUNDS OF CHRIST.

On other pages we reproduce in colour some of the recently-cleaned wooden bosses from the Choir roof of Winchester Cathedral, and, in black-and-white, earlier stone bosses revealed beneath the wooden ones when these were removed for renovation. Here we give three of the fifteenth-century stone corbels (also newly cleaned), from which the vaulting of the Choir springs. The Royal Arms are those of Henry VII., who was crowned on Bosworth Field, 1485, and died in 1509.

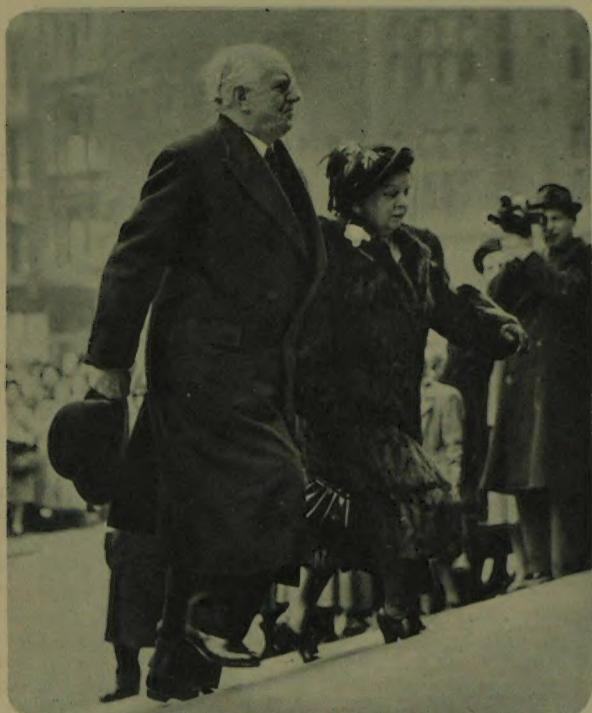
has been the over-large parliamentary majorities brought about by the extension of the franchise in our by no means perfect electoral system.

Yet, though this may be true, divisions as bitter as those which still divide opinion in Great Britain are not healthy or easily compatible with national well-being and security. Whatever the extremists of Party politics may say, whether they are right or wrong in their depressing diagnosis of their opponents' wickedness and folly, so long as the nation remains substantially, and very evenly, divided as at present, such extreme expressions of opinion can only be

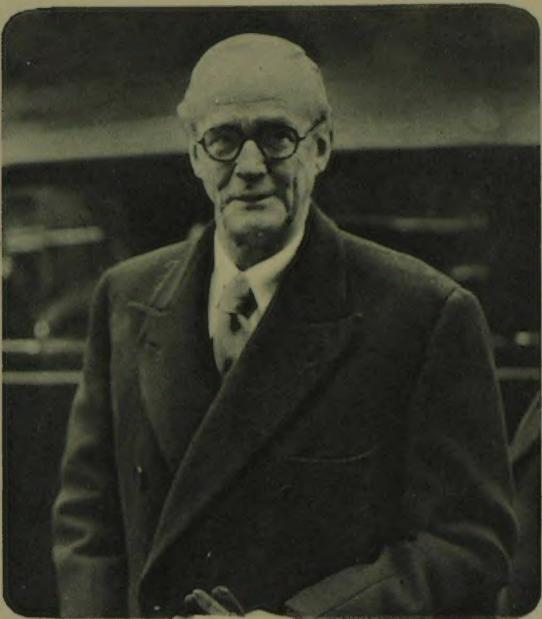
dangerous. They inflame and, by inflaming, prevent us from finding and pursuing that agreed national policy which our situation compels us to seek and follow if we are not to suffer a disastrous eclipse, economic or military or both. That, at any rate, is my profound belief. The brassy Tweedledum-Tweedledee inter-Party abuse and vilification which was the traditional accompaniment of electioneering in the old days was harmless enough; as harmless as the partisan rowdyism of the London mob on Boat-race nights. While it lasted, too, it was excellent fun. The protagonists of both parties were educated men who had been brought up in much the same beliefs and shared the same standards and formative environment. Their differences were intellectual rather than spiritual. For all the vehemence of the Party war, there was little fundamental enmity between Liberals and Conservatives; on the really great matters of life, they agreed. They could thus blackguard one another in public without endangering the peace and unity of the realm, and it was the essence of our free political system that they did so. But can anyone who knows the mind and life of the ordinary contemporary Englishman feel any real confidence that this is so to-day? The bitter class division that has been the curse of English life for a century and was the just and inevitable price for the disastrous failure of the country's then rulers to guide the mighty social revolution that occurred in the early nineteenth century, is beginning to diminish with the removal of many of the hardships and injustices that weighed on what our forbears used to call the toiling masses. But, with parties now, though I hope only temporarily, aligned to a great degree on a class basis, the old-fashioned and formerly harmless intemperance and courtesy of electoral strife is bound to have an unfortunate effect. It can so easily inflame the ugly wounds of class—wounds which are still raw. And to-day the working class is not the only one with wounds to nurse. I often feel that this is unconsciously overlooked by Members of Parliament, who, though they belabour one another fiercely in the Chamber and on the hustings, contrive to live together in great amity in what is still the best club in the world. When Mr. Churchill in the House called a prominent member of the Labour Party "a squalid nuisance," I have little doubt but that he did so with a charming twinkle in his eye, and that the victim enjoyed the jest as well as any. But read by half-educated partisans—and we are all half-educated to-day—far removed from the friendly give-and-take of the House, such a remark can assume a very different complexion. It can be understood literally. So it can be, too, when leaders of another Party light-heartedly stigmatise the half of the nation which supports their opponents as "lower than vermin"

or "not worth a tinker's cuss." Such abuse rouses men, who ought to be at their oars pulling together, to stand up in the boat and shout at one another. And that is just what Britons cannot afford to do at the present time, however great the cause or provocation. For the national boat is in rough water. We are all in it. And presently, unless we are very careful, we shall all be in the water. Never in our history has so great a responsibility of restraint and wisdom been imposed by circumstances on our political leaders. And never, I am afraid, have political leaders, of all parties, appeared so strangely unaware of the fact.

POLITICAL PARTY LEADERS AT  
ST. PAUL'S FOR A PRE-ELECTION  
DEDICATION SERVICE.



WARTIME MINISTER OF FOOD AND A CONSERVATIVE LEADER :  
LORD WOOLTON ARRIVING AT ST. PAUL'S WITH LADY WOOLTON.



LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY SINCE 1945 : THE  
RT. HON. CLEMENT DAVIES, WHO ATTENDED THE SERVICE.



CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER SINCE 1947 : THE  
RT. HON. SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, WITH LADY CRIPPS.



HOME SECRETARY SINCE THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT WAS  
FORMED IN 1945 : THE RT. HON. JAMES CHUTER EDE.



LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND LEADER OF THE  
COMMONS SINCE 1945 : THE RT. HON. HERBERT MORRISON.



THE MAN WHO WAS AT BRITAIN'S HELM DURING THE WAR AND HAS SINCE BEEN LEADER  
OF THE OPPOSITION : THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, WITH HIS WIFE.

*Continued.*

intended to travel by road with Mrs. Attlee for an extensive tour, during which he would address thirty-four meetings, seven of them on one day. Mr. Churchill, the oldest in years but perhaps the youngest in spirit, of the Conservative candidates,

(ABOVE.)  
PRIME MINISTER AND  
FIRST LORD OF THE  
TREASURY SINCE  
1945 : THE RT. HON.  
CLEMENT ATTLEE  
ARRIVING AT ST.  
PAUL'S CATHEDRAL  
WITH MRS. ATTLEE.

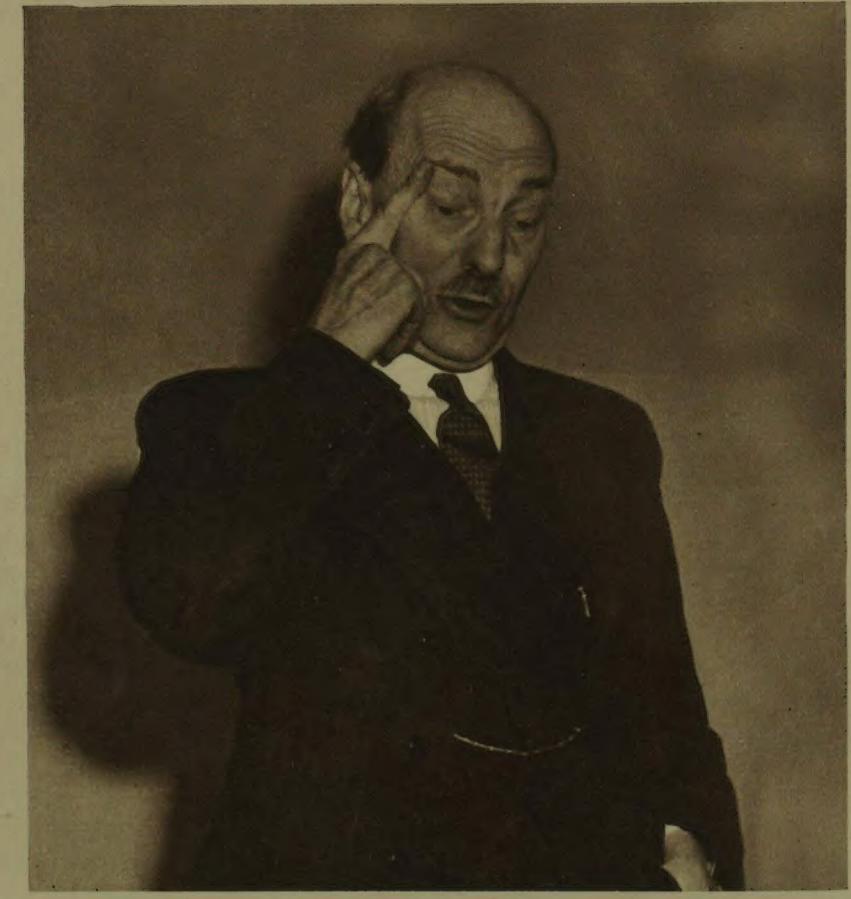
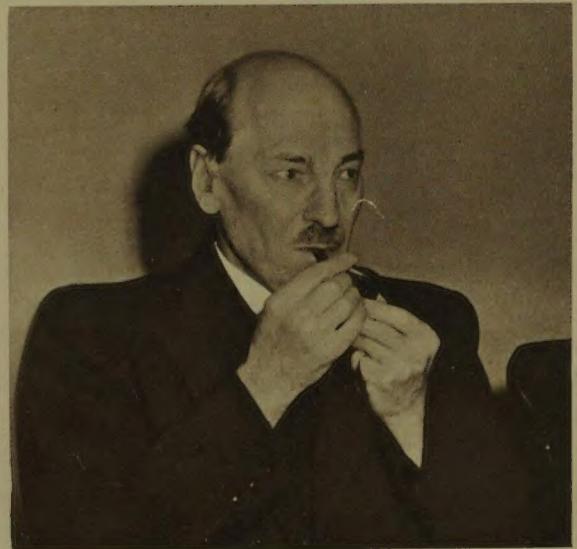
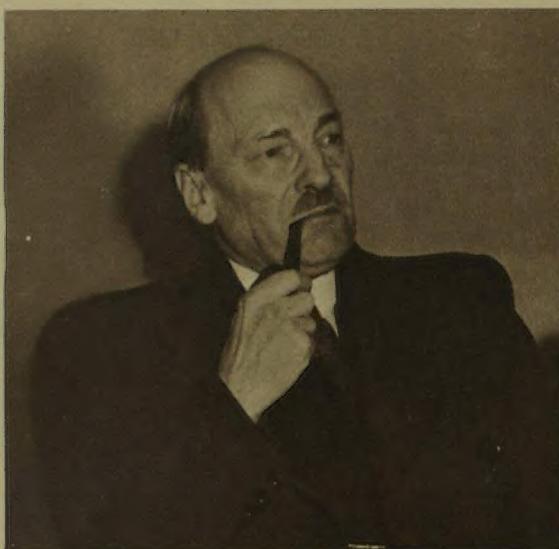
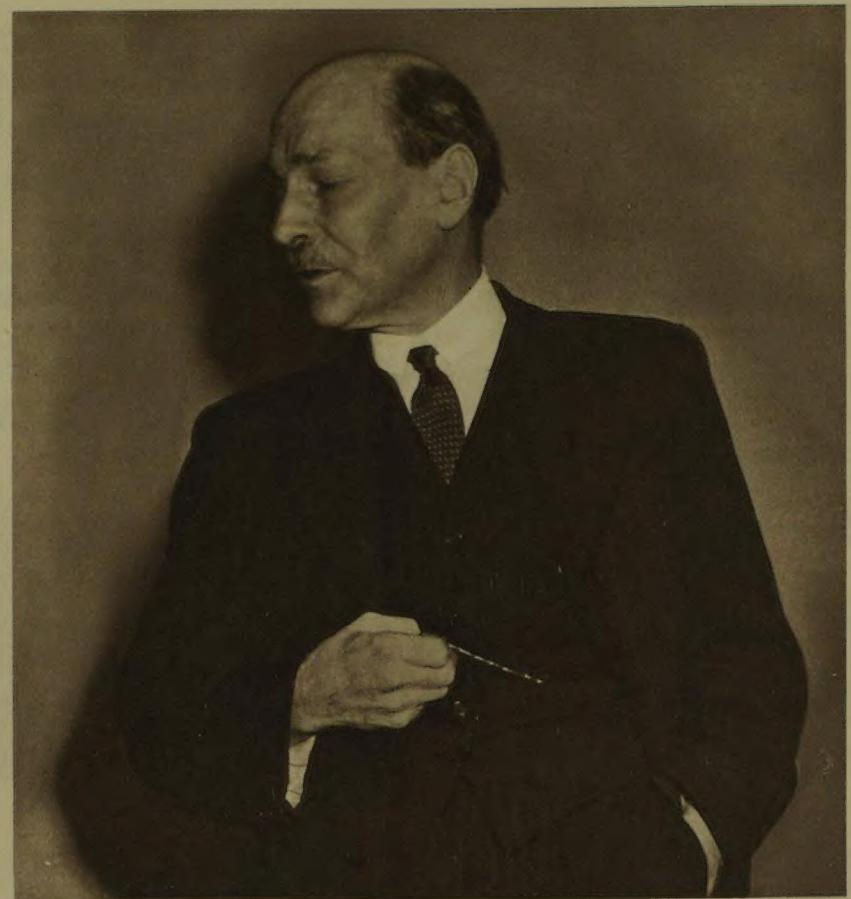
MANY members of the main political parties attended a pre-election dedication service at St. Paul's Cathedral on February 2, the eve of the dissolution of Parliament. It was the first service of its kind to be held. On this page we show some of the leading politicians arriving at St. Paul's for the service. Details of the Prime Minister's election tour were made known on February 3. It was stated that he

[Continued below]



ONE OF THE LEADING CONSERVATIVES WHO ATTENDED  
THE ST. PAUL'S SERVICE : THE RT. HON. ANTHONY EDEN.

was due in Leeds on February 4 for the first of his campaign speeches. Mr. Eden started his strenuous schedule on February 3, and it was expected that, with the exception of Sundays, he would be speaking every day until polling day.



#### THE LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE RT. HON. CLEMENT ATTLEE, C.H.

With the Royal Proclamation of the Dissolution of Parliament on February 3, the General Election campaign began in earnest. The Labour Party are contesting 612 of the 613 seats in England, Scotland and Wales, as the Speaker, Colonel D. Clifton Brown, is to be unopposed at Hexham. The leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Clement Attlee, was due to begin an extensive tour of the constituencies on February 8, finishing at St. Albans on February 16, during which he will address meetings in the Midlands, Cheshire, Lancashire, Scotland and

Yorkshire. On February 18 Mr. Attlee is to wind up the series of election broadcasts and will be in a position to reply to Mr. Churchill, who will be the final Conservative speaker on the previous evening. Mr. Attlee, who has represented the Limehouse Division since 1922, is contesting Walthamstow. He became Leader of the Labour Party in 1935 and was Deputy Prime Minister from 1942 to 1945, becoming Prime Minister after the General Election in the latter year. His publications include "The Labour Party in Perspective" (1937).



#### THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY IN THE GENERAL ELECTION: THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, O.M., C.H.

Mr. Winston Churchill, rightly named the "Architect of Victory," has been Leader of the Opposition since 1945. In his broadcast to the nation on January 21 he laid stress on the gravity of the choice which confronts us on February 23, and expressed his concern at our economic peril. After his adoption on January 28 as Conservative candidate for Woodford, which he has represented since 1945 (he represented Epping, 1924-1945), he criticised the Labour Party Manifesto as containing "under much smooth language an effective design or plot to obtain a

power over their fellow-countrymen such as no British Government has ever sought before," and added "this would be fatal alike to British freedom and prosperity." He said that by nationalising steel the Socialists would gain immense political power. He was due to open his election campaign at Leeds on February 4, and will make the final Conservative Party broadcast on February 17. The Conservatives are contesting 624 constituencies, in each of which will be a Conservative candidate or a National Liberal or other candidate standing with Conservative support.



THE AUTHOR OF "HOGARTH," ONE OF THE BOOKS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE : MR. R. B. BECKETT.

Mr. R. B. Beckett has been a student of Hogarth since he was at Oxford nearly forty years ago, and since his retirement from the Bench in India (he was Puisne Judge, 1941-46), has been able to devote a great part of his time to this major interest. He has also written, under the name of "John Anthony," "The Story of Hassan" and "The Story of Maryam."

either as men or as artists. They are linked, at least in this country, by the fact that they are best known by engravings by or after them, engravings which adorn tens of thousands of British walls. Prints from Hogarth's "Election," "Rake's Progress," "Harlot's Progress" and other series are part of the stock furniture of English country hotels : with prints from Wilkie's "Rent Day" and "The Blind Fiddler" as close runners-up. By the same token, prints by Piranesi, usually from the "Carceri," are extremely common in abodes where the atmosphere of refinement is more rarefied. Yet Hogarth supported himself mainly by portrait-groups, of which he produced hundreds ; and Piranesi, far from being entirely obsessed with imaginary, terrifying prisons, concerned himself mainly with monumental designs representing the ruins and other structures of Rome.

Each man, with his best-known works, makes a powerful impression on the mind and the imagination. But their visions are, as Mr. Huxley points out in an admirable essay, very dissimilar. Mr. Huxley, with prisons as his theme, shows how differently the two artists approached them. Hogarth, with that measure of savage caricature which was necessary for his purpose, depicted the actual pandemonium of his time : "The artist whose work most faithfully reflects the nature of this hell is Hogarth—not the Hogarth of the harmoniously coloured paintings, but he of the engravings, he of the hard insensitive line, the ruthless delineator of evil and chaotic misery, as well within the Fleet and Newgate and Bedlam as outside, in those other prisons, those other asylums, the dram-shops of Gin Alley, the brothels and gaming-rooms of Covent Garden, the suburban playgrounds, where children torture their dogs and birds with scarcely imaginable refinements of cruelty and obscenity." But Hogarth's ferocity was engendered by a passion for reform ; he would have heartily collaborated as illustrator with Dickens in the workhouse chapters of "Oliver Twist," in parts of "Bleak House," in "Hard Times." Mr. Beckett says of him that the moral aspect cannot be evaded, "although it is sometimes treated as a rather unfortunate irrelevancy, now that Hogarth's merits as a painter have come to be preferred to his usefulness as a preacher." But "the moral purpose was usually predominant, and entertainment but a means to that end." "The prints," he says, of "The Four Stages of Cruelty," "were engraved in the hope of, in some degree, correcting that barbarous treatment of animals, the very sight of which renders the streets of our metropolis so distressing to every feeling mind. If they



HOGARTH'S IMPRESSION OF AN ELECTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : "THE POLLING." Hogarth's narrative pictures all tell a story and depict with a wealth of closely-observed and satirical detail aspects of his life and times. We reproduce two examples by courtesy of Routledge and Kegan Paul (publishers of "Hogarth," one of the books reviewed by Sir John Squire) and of the Sir John Soane Museum.

\* "Hogarth." By R. B. Beckett. English Master Painters Series. 144 pages of Plates. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 6s.)

"Prisons." By Aldous Huxley. With the "Carceri" Etchings by G. B. Piranesi. Critical Study by Jean Adhemar, Associate Curator of Prints, Bibliothèque Nationale. (Trianon Press; 212 signed copies £4·14·6d., and 1000 unsigned £1·12·6d.; distributed by Faber and Faber.)

## NIGHTMARE WORLDS OF TWO EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ARTISTS.

"HOGARTH," By R. B. BECKETT, and "PRISONS," By ALDOUS HUXLEY, with the "CARCERI" etchings by G. B. PIRANESI.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

HERE are two volumes containing reproductions of two eighteenth-century artists, who had a certain superficial affinity and, to a large extent, have shared a common fate ; but who, nevertheless, resembled each other very little

have had this effect, and checked the progress of cruelty, I am more proud of having been the author than I should be of having painted Raphael's Cartoons." It was not an ignoble ideal. Piranesi was Hogarth's contemporary and he wasn't a reformer at all. But his horrors were worse than Hogarth's. Looking at Hogarth's prints one thinks : "What a mess!" ; but looking at Piranesi's : "What a nightmare!" A clue is given by his master Bibiena's remark : "When trying to conceive a project, your mind works best in the dark, preferably in bed." Design, not social reform, was his preoccupation. He worked with lightning rapidity. When Pope Clement XIII. expressed surprise at his speed, he said : "It is as easy for me to engrave a plate as it is for your Holiness to bestow a benediction." He thought in grandiose terms, and once said : "If I were given the planning of a new world, I would be mad enough to undertake it."

It would have been a ghastly reconstruction. John Howard, Elizabeth Fry and Hogarth were



HOGARTH'S IMPRESSION OF AN ELECTION IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY : "CANVASSING FOR VOTES." Hogarth's series of four election pictures in the Sir John Soane Museum consists of "An Election Entertainment," "Canvassing for Votes," "The Polling" and "Chairing the Member."



people who wanted to clean the prisons up and humanise them : Jeremy Bentham, with his well-meaning plan for a prison in which all the prisoners could be observed without observing, had a mania for tidiness—a tidiness which was perfectly accomplished at Belsen, where people were punctually shovelled into crematoria and their gold-fillings punctually sorted out when their ashes emerged. Hogarth's dreams of liberation from squalor were to

a large extent fulfilled ; Bentham's notion for tidying things up, with the greatest happiness of the greatest number being decided for them by those who know best what is good for them is now widely prevalent. But Piranesi has really very little in common with them. He lived naturally, without opium, in the sort of world which was inhabited, with opium, by de Quincey and certain nineteenth-century poets. Having been extant and observant at the end of the nineteenth century (Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Kaiser said it ended in 1899, the rational part of the world decided on 1900), I can well remember the phrase which was commonly used, in that age which had never known Great Wars or atom-bombs, about dismal, depressing, morbid, perverse or suicidal writings ; they were called "*fin-de-siècle*."

"Wot's the good of anyfink, woi, nuffink," was the music-hall (I think Gus Elen) reflection of the mood ; the modern rider is "You've 'ad it, chum." Mr. Huxley phrases his commentary on these superb designs less colloquially : "The most disquietingly obvious fact about all these dungeons is the perfect pointlessness which reigns throughout. Their architecture is colossal and magnificent. One is made to feel that the genius of great artists and the labour of innumerable slaves have gone into the creation of these monu-

ments, every detail of which is completely without a purpose. Yes, without a purpose ; for the staircases lead nowhere, the vaults support nothing but their own weight and enclose vast spaces that are never truly rooms, but only ante-rooms, lumber-rooms, vestibules, outhouses. And this magnificence of cyclopean stone is everywhere made squalid by wooden ladders, by flimsy gangways and cat-walks. And the squalor is for squalor's sake, since all these rickety roads through space are manifestly without destination. Below them, on the floor, stand great machines incapable of doing anything in particular, and from the arches overhead hang ropes that carry nothing except a sickening suggestion of torture. Some of the 'Prisons' are lighted only by narrow windows. Others are half open to the sky, with hints of yet other vaults and walls in the distance. But even where the enclosure is more or less complete, Piranesi always contrives to give the impression that this colossal pointlessness goes on indefinitely and is co-extensive with the universe. Engaged in no recognisable activity, paying no attention to one another, a few small, faceless figures haunt the shadows. Their insignificant presence merely emphasises the fact that there is nobody at home."

That could not have been better put. For myself, though I must admit the supremacy of Piranesi's drawing and the gripping wildness of his imagination, I refuse to be dominated either by his nightmares or by any other man's. The world in which I live provides me with quite enough nightmares, without my having to ransack the past for "thrills." It is a strange thing that the age in which we live, bombed, dragged to wars, terrified of the future, utterly bewildered, should try to find refuge in other nightmare worlds, instead of seeking peace and refreshment where they are open to every man. "It's a mad world, my masters."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 230 of this issue.



THE AUTHOR OF "PRISONS," WITH THE "CARCERI" ETCHINGS BY G. B. PIRANESI : MR ALDOUS HUXLEY.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, third son of the late Leonard Huxley, is one of the leading literary figures in contemporary life. His works include "Crome Yellow," "Antic Hay," "Brave New World," "Grey Eminence," and many other books ; and the success of the dramatic version of his story, "The Gioconda Smile," will be remembered.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS "CARCERI" ETCHINGS BY G. B. PIRANESI (1720-1778) : A METAPHYSICAL PRISON "WHOSE SEAT IS WITHIN THE MIND, WHOSE WALLS ARE MADE OF NIGHTMARE AND INCOMPREHENSION."

On our facing page Sir John Squire reviews "Prisons," by Aldous Huxley, a brilliant essay, with the famous series of "Carceri" etchings by G. B. Piranesi reproduced by Aulard, and a critical study by Jean Adehemar, Associate Curator of Prints, Bibliothèque Nationale. Mr. Huxley writes of the *metaphysical prisons* whose seat is within the mind, such as are described by de Quincey, Beckford and Kafka, and continues: ". . . passing from the world of words to that of forms, we find these same *metaphysical prisons* delineated with incomparable force in the, strangest and most beautiful of Piranesi's etchings, the 'Carceri.' G. B. Piranesi, sometimes called the 'Rembrandt of Architecture,' studied

drawing and architecture in his native Venice. He subsequently went to Rome, where he at first devoted himself to theatrical painting, and then turned to engraving. We reproduce Plate VII. (facsimile size) from "Prisons." Its detailed description is as follows: "Plate. VII. Piranesi Edition, second state. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$  by 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Numbered VII. Signature effaced and re-etched. Heavy lines framing the subject added. Considerably darkened. New details added. Composition more architectural. Note striking difference of tone between the two states. Third state. Firmin-Didot edition. Number 355 added." It is reproduced by courtesy of the publishers of "Prisons," the Trianon Press, Cobham.

**RESCUE BY BREECHES BUOY: DRAMATIC FEATURES OF THE WRECK OF THE NORWEGIAN COASTER "RASK."**



WASHED ASHORE FROM THE WRECKED NORWEGIAN COASTER: SOME OF THE HUNDREDS OF BOXES OF FISH, AND A SMALL BOAT, ON THE BEACH.



IN MID-AIR AND CARRYING A PILOT LINE TO THE WRECKED VESSEL: A ROCKET, THE THIRD TO BE FIRED, WHICH REACHED THE *RASK* SUCCESSFULLY.



A WINTER WRECK: THE DESOLATE SCENE ON THE BEACH AS COASTGUARDS ERECTED THE RESCUE APPARATUS FOR THE CREW OF THE GROUNDED VESSEL.



SWEPT OFF HIS FEET BY THE HEAVY SEAS: A WOULD-BE RESCUER IS HIMSELF HELPED ASHORE DURING THE OPERATIONS.

During the gale which swept the coasts of Britain on January 31 the 630-ton Norwegian coaster *Rask* went aground in heavy seas on the rocks at Scremerton, near Berwick-on-Tweed. Some eight hours after the ship struck, the last of sixteen people rescued by breeches buoy was brought ashore from the wrecked vessel. Earlier in the day, when one of the crew was being brought ashore in the breeches buoy the rope snapped and he was thrown into the sea, but he was rescued by two coastguards. Later in the afternoon Beadnell and Seahouses life-saving apparatus crews arrived,



RESCUED BY BREECHES BUOY: ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED NORWEGIAN VESSEL BEING PULLED ASHORE.

and another line was eventually got on board, followed by a hawser, and the rescue work was then continued. One of the rescued men said that the *Rask* was on her way from Bergen to Newcastle with a cargo of herring when she ran aground, and although a distress signal was fired, it was some time before it was seen. The master, Captain Gabrielson, said: "I was in bed when the *Rask* ran aground. The headlights of a car were used to guide the men ashore." By nightfall, the *Rask*, clear of the tide, had heeled over on the rocky shore.



CARVED OUT OF SOLID BLOCKS OF WOOD: THE WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL BOSSSES OF THE CHOIR, REPRESENTING (LEFT) PONTIUS PILATE AND HIS WIFE, WHO BEGGED HER HUSBAND TO "HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT JUST MAN" (JESUS CHRIST); AND (RIGHT) A SPITTING JEW; WHICH WERE RECENTLY CLEANED, AND EXHIBITED ON THE CATHEDRAL FLOOR.



SHOWING THE VIVID REPRESENTATIONAL STYLE IN WHICH THEY ARE CARVED: A BOSS FROM THE CHOIR ROOF (LEFT) DEPICTING THE HIGH PRIEST CAIAPHAS "WHICH GAVE COUNSEL TO THE JEWS THAT IT WAS EXPEDIENT THAT ONE MAN SHOULD DIE FOR THE PEOPLE"; AND (RIGHT) THE BAG WITH THE THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER GIVEN FOR THE BETRAYAL.

### SACRED STORY IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED WOOD: RECENTLY CLEANED ROOF-BOSSSES FROM WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The splendid painted roof-bosses (carved projections at the intersection of vault-ribs) of Winchester Cathedral are one of the notable architectural features of the great edifice. The work of cleaning and repair carried out on the ceilings of the tower and choir last December afforded the opportunity to remove these bosses for inspection and preservative treatment. As recorded in our issue of December 17, 1949, this work was carried out by the Ladies of the Cathedral under the guidance of Miss M. Janet Becker, the well-known expert. Carved out of solid blocks of wood, the bosses of the choir

date from 1509 and represent the Emblems of the Passion and other subjects connected with the Death and Sufferings of our Lord, while those under the tower depict Charles I. and Queen Henrietta-Maria, heraldic shields, the Rose, Crown, Thistle, and so forth, and date from 1635. They were all in good condition, though dust in the crevices was as thick in places as one-tenth of an inch; and certain bosses showed signs of ancient workings of furniture worm. These were sprayed as a precaution. No original colour was found, the only paint being that applied in 1819.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of the Dean of Winchester.*



WITH THE CROWN OF THORNS AT THE TOP OF THE SHIELDS : CARVED WOODEN BOSSSES FROM THE CHOIR ROOF OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL, BEARING (LEFT) REPRESENTATIONS OF THE SACRED HEART AND THE WOUNDED FEET AND HANDS OF OUR LORD ; AND (RIGHT) THE HANDKERCHIEF OF ST. VERONICA, WITH THE MIRACULOUS IMPRINT OF THE REDEEMER'S FEATURES.



AN IMPRESSIVE REPRESENTATION OF JUDAS'S KISS OF BETRAYAL (LEFT); AND A SOMEWHAT GROTESQUELY REALISTIC CONCEPTION OF MALCHUS, SERVANT OF CAIAPHAS THE HIGH PRIEST, WHOSE EAR WAS SEVERED BY THE SWORD OF SIMON PETER. ACCORDING TO THE GOSPEL ACCOUNT, IT WAS HIS RIGHT EAR WHICH WAS CUT OFF. THE CARVER HAS MADE IT HIS LEFT.

#### NOW CLEANED AND REPLACED IN THE CHOIR: WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL ROOF·BOSSSES POIGNANTLY REPRESENTING OUR LORD'S DEATH AND PASSION.

On our preceding page we illustrate four of the striking sixteenth-century wooden bosses from the choir roof of Winchester Cathedral, which after cleaning and repair by the Ladies of the Cathedral working under Miss M. Janet Becker, were exhibited on the floor of the edifice before being replaced. It was found that high up in the roof of the tower, behind the boss representing the Thistle of Scotland, one "Alexander Montrose Mackenzie, painter" had deposited a little document, to the effect that he had "beautified" all these bosses in 1819 by order of the Rev. Dr. Nott. Careful

sponging revealed much of Mackenzie's gold and colour, which was revived and fixed with preservative wax, though here and there the paint had perished and a few of the heraldic tinctures had been wrongly applied. Miss M. Janet Becker stresses the point that the only repainting that took place in December, 1949, was the replacement of Mackenzie's colour and gilding where necessary, and the correction of one or two heraldic details. It was noticeable that (with one exception) wherever paint covered the surface the wood was sound.

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## WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL STONE ROOF-BOSSES WHICH NO EYE CAN SEE.



CONCEALED BY THE SIXTEENTH-CENTURY WOOD BOSSES ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR ON OUR FACING PAGE : FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED STONE BOSSES OF FLORAL AND FOLIATE DESIGN FROM WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL CHOIR ROOF.

When the great carved and painted wood bosses (illustrated in colour on our facing page) were taken down from the choir roof of Winchester Cathedral for cleaning and repair, the original ones were revealed. The later wood bosses were put up in the time of Bishop Fox, c. 1509, as stated elsewhere. They were bolted through the already existing roof and formed no part of the original design. It is clear that the roof was complete before Bishop Fox's time, and that the charming little bosses of foliate and floral design, dating from c. 1450, were not intended to be covered up and hacked about to receive the more ostentatious bosses of a later century. It will be

noticed that these earlier bosses are carved with some quite naturalistic flowers and foliage. Oak leaves and acorns, and roses with some well-observed foliage may be distinguished. They were carried out during the episcopal reign of William of Waynflete (d. 1486, aged ninety), a period of terrible unrest in England, which saw the deposition, restoration, deposition and murder of Henry VI., the bloodstained rise to power of Richard III. and the Battle of Bosworth, 1485. The custom of making representational carvings of flowers, fruit and foliage had come to an end about 1310, but traces of it lingered on sporadically, as here, till the end of the Gothic period.

Photographs by C. P. J. Cave.

## THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF A GROUP OF OUTSTANDING SASANIAN SILVER.



FIG. 1. SILVER PLATE, MIDDLE SASANIAN PERIOD, WITH REPOUSSÉ APPLIED DISC, SHOWING PACING LION. PARCEL GILT. [Rabenou, New York.]

In our issue dated February 4 we published a selection of the fine Persian works of art on view in the special Loan Exhibition at the Asia Institute, New York (arranged in honour of the Shah's recent visit to the United States), which will continue until March 1. On these pages we give the first photographs to be published of a group of rare Sasanian silver vessels shown in this exhibition, together with the following article describing them, by Professor Arthur Upham Pope, Chancellor of the Asia Institute, New York, and his wife, Phyllis Ackerman, whose names are well known to readers of "The Illustrated London News."

SEVERAL years ago a chest was unearthed in Mazandaran, the lush province of Northern Persia bordering the Caspian Sea, containing at least nine pieces of Sasanian silver, and two large pieces of a Sasanian silk. Four or five isolated pieces of Sasanian silver have turned up in Persia in the last few years, but this is the first hoard to be found on Persian soil. These discoveries in the country of their origin are important because virtually all, perhaps all, the Sasanian silver hitherto known has come out of the soil of Russia, most of it remaining in the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, whither it had been sent at or about the time it was made (c. 220-640 A.D.), in payment for furs and amber. Sasanian silverwork is accounted by many knowledgeable connoisseurs as artistically the finest metal of its class ever produced, and one characteristic type utilises a technique that is exceptionally effective but at the same time of formidable difficulty.

The Mazandaran hoard is, moreover, important to cultural historians because it provides the first sound dating-clue for types other than the Royal plates. Up to now only those pieces that represent a Sasanian king, recognisable by his crown, could be dated; these did not provide sufficient stylistic evidence for dating plates and vessels with animal and plant motives. In this hoard the silk and two pieces of the silver represent two different kings, and it thus becomes a reasonable assumption that the remaining seven pieces with animal figures date

from the period thus defined. The silk, of which two large pieces are shown in the Asia Institute Exhibition in honour of the Shah, depicts Bahram IV. hunting lions from horseback, accompanied by his Crown Prince, who hunts mouflons afoot. Two of the plates, one, engraved, in the Teheran Museum, the other illustrated here (Fig. 5), show Kavadh I. hunting. Bahram IV. ruled from 388-399 A.D., Kavadh I. from 488-532 (with a two-year hiatus). The other silver pieces, then, can with reasonable confidence be assigned to the century-and-a-half between about 390 and 430—that is to say, the Middle Sasanian Period. The plate representing Kavadh hunting, lent to the Asia Institute Exhibition by Mr. Fahim Kouchakji, has the figures of the mounted king and the two stags which he is pursuing in the technique most strikingly characteristic of the Sasanian silverwork but usually reserved for Royal pieces: shaped inserted repoussé. The

figures are beaten out in high repoussé in a rather thin silver plate, each is cut out separately with flanges left on the margins, and affixed to the hammered base-plate by inserting these flanges into diagonal slots cut to match them in the rather heavy hammered plate. The design is completed with engraved details and, usually, parcel gilt for major features. The back is then lined with a thinner beaten plate, the edges of which are smoothly folded over the rim of the top plate. The plates with a single lion figure, one lent to the Asia Institute



FIG. 2. SILVER PLATE, MIDDLE SASANIAN PERIOD, WITH REPOUSSÉ APPLIED DISC, SHOWING PACING LION. PARCEL GILT. [Dr. E. J. Holmes, Boston.]



FIG. 3. SHOWING A SIDE BEARING A DECORATION OF LOTUS-TREES WITH A HEART-CHAIN FOR A STEM: A VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT SILVER VASE, WITH THE COCK PARODASH ON THE OTHER SIDES. Dr. E. J. Holmes, Boston.



FIG. 4. SHOWING A SIDE DECORATED WITH THE SACRED ZOROASTRIAN COCK, PARODASH, HALOED AND BEDECKED WITH A JEWELLED NECKLACE: A VIEW OF THE MONUMENTAL SILVER VASE, FINEST PIECE FROM THE MAZANDERAN HOARD. Dr. E. J. Holmes, Boston.

Exhibition by Dr. Edward Jackson Holmes, President of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts (Fig. 2); the other by Rabenou, have the figure repoussé in a disc, which is then attached to the base-plate and parcel gilt, as is a plate with a winged lion, likewise in the Exhibition, belonging to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery, Kansas City. An unusual variant of this technique is found in another plate (Fig. 6), lent to the Asia Institute by Mr. H. Kevorkian, with an eagle displayed in the centre, surrounded by six cocks of three different species, in confronted pairs:

[Continued on right.]



(ABOVE.) FIG. 5. BEARING A REPRESENTATION OF KING KAVADH I. (488-532 A.D.) HUNTING: A SILVER SASANIAN PLATE WITH SHAPED APPLIED REPOUSSÉ FIGURES. PARCEL GILT. [Mr. Fahim Koucharji, New York.]

*Continued.*  
for each bird is repoussé in a small disc separately affixed to the plate, and gilt. The drawing of the Holmes lion and of the cocks on this last plate is especially distinguished and elegant. The proud and alert stance of the lion on the Holmes plate, the combination of dignity and concentrated strength, the fluid perfection of the contour, the vigorous, firm detailing of the head and claws, all mark this as one of the most notable Sasanian plates. It is clearly the work of the same artist who did the plate in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, with the "Hound of Anahit." Both remind us that the art of ancient Persia was primarily a dedicatory and invocational art, and this emotionally powerful presentation of the lion, symbol of the sun, and the abundant waters signalled the essentials of fertility, and indeed of life itself. Thus the plate was a hint to High Heaven to be generous with the needed warmth and moisture, bringing to his worshippers wealth and health. But by far the finest piece that has yet appeared—at least, from this hoard—is the vase with cock and lotus-trees, which also belongs to Dr. Holmes (Figs. 3 and 4). Two other similar vases are known with a bird and lotus-trees; one, in the Berlin Museum (Smirnov, No. 89; or *Survey of Persian Art*, Pl. 216 C), is so very similar, especially in the rich lotus-trees, that it might be the same hand. The Holmes vase presents Parodash, the

[Continued on right]



*Continued.*

"Chantecler" of Zoroastrianism, in divine authority, haloed, bedecked with a jewelled necklace tied with the Sasanian streamers, his tail curled in an impressive flourish, his huge claws firmly planted. The characteristically imbricated roundel is weighted with strong marginal rope-mouldings; a chain of leaves and buds, likewise pendent from a rope, ornaments the shoulder; and the neck, set into this, is emphasized with a fine, twisted torus. The structure is so architectural, the scale so strong, that the piece is monumental, though only some 7 ins. high. It would be hard to find another vessel concentrating in such small compass such grandeur and energy. The two lotus-trees on the sides are entirely different and there are six or seven distinct designs of the lotus blossom. Notable on one of these (Fig. 3) is the use of a heart-chain for stems. That Mazanderan should produce so many and such fine pieces is not surprising in view of an ancient tale recounting how a Lord of Mazanderan in the Sasanian period gave a banquet, planned to be for 500 guests, and in his enthusiasm invited twice that number. Lacking silver for the second 500, he borrowed it from neighbouring landowners. Mazanderan was then, as now, a wealthy province. All that is known of the conditions of this find is that, according to Dr. Mehdi Bahrami, Director of the Teheran Museum, the material was all found in a metal chest.

(LEFT.) FIG. 6. SILVER PLATE, MIDDLE SASANIAN PERIOD, WITH SEVEN REPOUSSÉ APPLIED DISCS, THE CENTRE ONE SHOWING AN EAGLE AND THE OTHERS COCKS. [Mr. H. Kevorkian, New York]

BEARING A ROYAL HUNTER WITH HIS QUARRY AND FIGURES OF BIRDS: SASANIAN SILVER PLATES FROM MAZANDERAN.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THERE exist among gardeners certain prejudices and fixed ideas which are hardier, and longer-lived, than any hardy perennial that grows, and more persistent

than any weed. Among them is the idea that peaches cannot be grown in England without the warmth and protection of a wall. But they can. I have done it myself. I confess, however, that, despite the broadest hints and the most conspicuous pointers, it has taken me the best part of a lifetime to wake up to the possibility of peaches without a wall.

My excuse is that I got a bad start in this matter in childhood. We had a huge kitchen garden, on whose sunny walls were fan-trained peaches, apricots and nectarines. When blossoming in spring, the trees were protected against late frosts with netting. Rather naturally I came to believe that peaches were slightly tender, exotic things. Later, three years among peach orchards in South Africa, pruning, spraying, harvesting and packing for export, rather fostered the notion that the peach was a warm-climate fruit. Later still, back in England, I got a first hint that the peach might be grown as an open-ground bush or standard, and ripen fruit without benefit of a wall. In laying out and planting a garden in Hertfordshire, I put in, among other ornamental shrubs, a low, standard, double-flowered peach. The garden lay high and very exposed. Two years later, that tree astonished everybody by producing and ripening a fine crop of peaches. They were medium-sized, juicy, of quite good quality. The surprise was twofold: first, that double blossoms should produce fruit at all; and then, that a peach grown far from any wall should ripen its fruit. That tree fruited regularly for a number of years, and still I failed to take the hint. After that came further hints. From time to time letters would appear in the horticultural Press from folk who had sown peach-stones and so raised seedling peach-trees. These had eventually fruited and ripened splendid crops of peaches. I remember one in particular. A photograph showed a fine spreading, open-ground bush laden with fruit, many hundreds of them, and these had been inspected and sampled by fruit experts who knew what they were talking about. They pronounced the fruit of first-rate quality. That home-raised seedling tree and the double-flowered standard of long ago really roused me from my slumber. I sowed a number of peach-stones, and I bought a few named grafted peach-trees, year-old youngsters. These I grew in my garden in Hertfordshire, but before they had time to show results I migrated to the Cotswolds. The peach-trees came with me. That was three years ago. They are planted each in a circular bed on a lawn. There are two grafted half-standards, one of which got involved and rather badly crippled in a private bull-fight that was staged one summer's day on the lawn. But both have ripened small crops here, despite their rather chequered careers. The seedlings that I raised from stones are all growing well, and are thickly set with flower-buds. The tallest is about 8 ft. high, and is either seven or eight years old. It will be interesting to see what sort of peaches these seedlings

### THE PEACH ORCHARD.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

will bear. But I believe the proportion of worthwhile trees that come from seed is far higher than might be expected.

Judging by my own limited experience and from all I have been able to read on the matter, it would seem that the peach—the tree itself—is just as hardy

frost at flowering-time than those grown as open-ground bushes, for on a wall they tend to come into blossom earlier, when frosts are more prevalent.

The pruning of a bush peach-tree is

done on exactly the same principle as the pruning of a wall specimen. One thing is important, and that is nourishment and sufficient moisture to ensure the production of plenty of good, clean, vigorous growth during the summer to fruit and flower next year. My lawn specimens are planted in single file, just over 12 ft. apart; 15 ft. would probably have been wiser. Each is in a circular bed, 4 ft. in diameter, and these beds will be enlarged as the trees grow. They are given a heavy mulch of farmyard manure each spring, and this not only feeds them but keeps them cool and moist at the root. Last summer my peaches suffered badly from that revolting disease known as leaf curl. It causes the leaves to look as though they had severe gout complicated by hideous blisters. Spraying is the remedy, and sprayed they are going to be before very long.

It is curious what a long time it has taken English gardeners even to begin to realise that peaches may be grown as bushes, or low standards, without wall protection. A few wise folk in a few scattered districts have woken up to the idea, and are already planting peach orchards on a commercial scale. But at

present the movement is in its infancy. Most people are extremely fond of peaches, and are willing to pay from a shilling up to two or three shillings, or even more, for a good one. But ask them why they do not plant a peach-tree or two, and so produce their own, and almost always the answer will be: "But I haven't got a wall." But, believe me, if you have an open, sunny spot in your garden, a young bush or half-standard peach will very soon grow into as beautiful a flowering tree as you could wish for, as beautiful as its near relation, the almond. To have that, and ripe, home-grown peaches as well, makes the initial outlay a very good investment indeed. If garden space is limited, I would suggest playing for safety by planting a nursery-raised, grafted, named



GROWING PEACHES IN THE OPEN ORCHARD: A GENERAL VIEW OF A COMMERCIAL ORCHARD IN SUFFOLK, WHERE PEACHES ARE SUCCESSFULLY GROWN FOR THE MARKET WITHOUT PROTECTION. In his article on this page, Mr. Elliott tells of his conversion to the belief that the peach can, and indeed should, be grown as an open-ground orchard tree, away from walls. "A few wise folk . . . are already planting peach orchards on a commercial scale," he writes. Our photographs were taken in such an orchard, at Whickham Brook, Suffolk, where Mr. Justin Brook has been carrying out some of the experiments embodied in his book "Peach Orchards in England," and in his forthcoming "Peaches, Apricots and other Stone Fruit" (Faber).

as any plum. As to its chances of setting fruit, they are probably better than those of a plum-tree under identical conditions, for whereas a plum opens its whole crop of blossom at one time, covering about a week, a peach spreads its flowering over about three weeks, and so has a far greater chance of escaping late frosts. Some of its blossom may get cut, but if only a very small proportion of the flowers open during a safe day or two during the danger period, that small proportion would give all the crop that the tree could properly carry and ripen. Peaches growing on a wall are probably in greater danger from



HARVESTING OPEN-GROUND PEACHES IN SUFFOLK: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF ONE OF THE YOUNG TREES IN THE ORCHARD SHOWN IN THE UPPER PICTURE, INDICATING THE SIZE AND QUALITY OF THE CROP.

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variety. "Peregrine" is absolutely first-rate for the purpose, and so, too, is "Duke of York." Peach-planting need not be restricted to gardens in the country. They would, I believe, do extremely well in town gardens—including London, of course—so long as there is plenty of sunshine.

Whether nectarines would prove as amenable to bush culture as peaches I can not say. They have a reputation for being rather more tender or rather less hardy. It may be that folk have assumed that the nectarine is a fair-weather fruit, merely because it lacks the peach's flannel jacket.





HEAVY SEAS OFF THE SUSSEX COAST: THE VIEW FROM NEWHAVEN PIERHEAD AS WAVES SMASHED THUNDEROUSLY ON TO THE SHORE AT SEAFORD.



LIFTED SKYWARDS BY THE FURY OF THE GALE: A HUGE WAVE BREAKING ON THE SEAFRONT AT HOVE, WHERE WOOD BLOCKS LITTERED THE PROMENADE.



LASHED BY MOUNTAINOUS WAVES: THE QUAY AT NEWHAVEN DURING THE HEIGHT OF THE EARLY-FEBRUARY GALE THAT SWEPT THE SOUTH COAST.

LASHED INTO FURY BY THE FEBRUARY GALE: HEAVY SEAS OFF THE SOUTH COAST OF ENGLAND DURING THE STORM.

During the first days of February a very severe gale—described in some places as the worst for fifty years—swept the south and west coasts of England. Gusts of wind of 102 m.p.h. at St. Eval, near Newquay, were the highest recorded in the

British Isles since the British record of 113 m.p.h. at St. Anne's Head, Pembroke, in January, 1945. At many places along the south coast waves of unusual heights were reported—some being given as up to 40 ft. or 50 ft.

LACOCK ABBEY: THE HOME OF W. H. FOX-TALBOT,  
AND THE SCENE OF HIS EARLY RESEARCHES.



IN THE "STRAWBERRY HILL GOTHIK" STYLE BELOVED OF HORACE WALPOLE: THE WEST FRONT OF LACOCK ABBEY, BUILT IN 1755.



THE SUBJECT OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC NEGATIVE: AN ORIEL WINDOW (SECOND FROM LEFT) IN A "GOTHIK" FRONT OF LACOCK ABBEY.



DATING BACK TO THE DAYS OF THE AUGUSTINIAN CANONNESSES: THE WARMING-HOUSE, AND A LARGE "POTTAGE POT" OF LATER DATE.

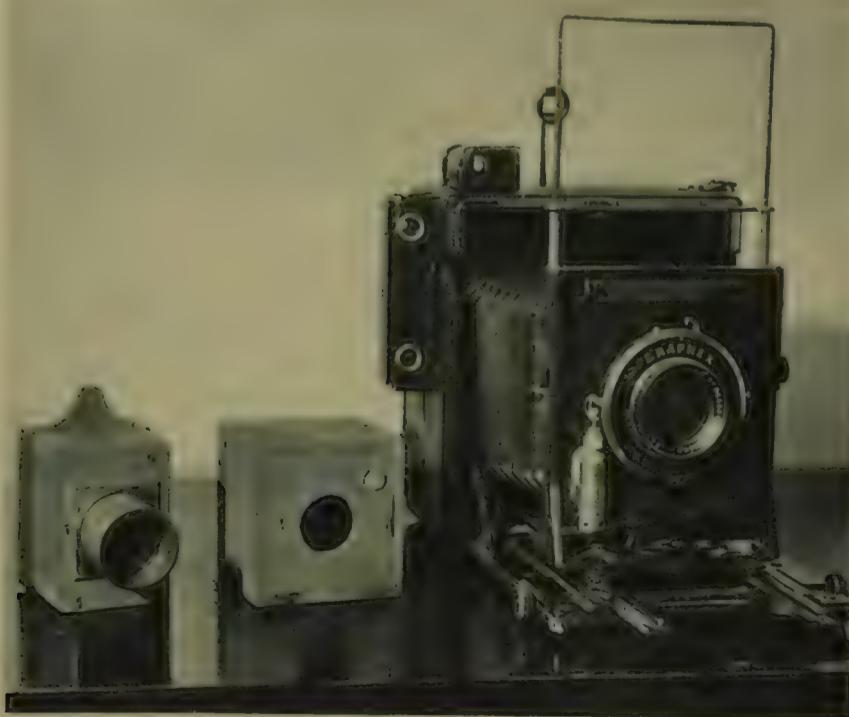


(ABOVE.) AN HISTORIC PHOTOGRAPHIC DARK ROOM: A ROOM IN THE OLDEST PART OF LACOCK ABBEY IN WHICH WILLIAM HENRY FOX-TALBOT CONDUCTED HIS FIRST EXPERIMENTS.

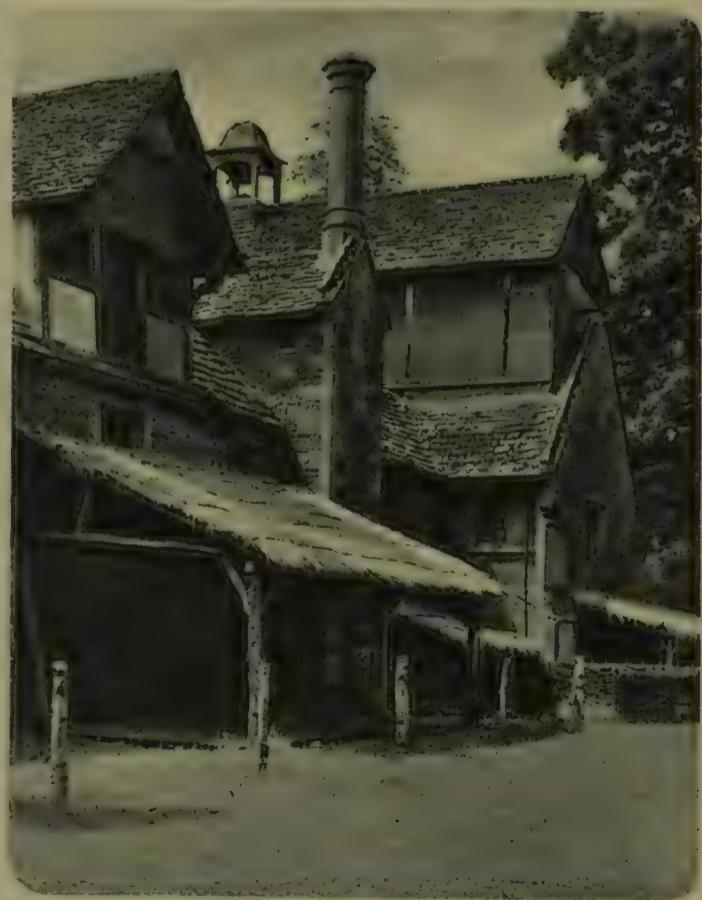
**T**O-DAY, Saturday, Feb. 11, is the 150th anniversary of the birth of William Henry Fox-Talbot, the Englishman who discovered the principles of photography. Louis Daguerre, a Frenchman, from whose name the word "daguerreotype" is derived, is sometimes credited with the invention of photography. He made known his own similar discovery on Jan. 7, 1839, but it was not until the last day of the same month that Talbot announced the result of his own experiments during the previous six years. This was made known in a paper read to the Royal Society and entitled "Some account of the art of photogenic drawing, or the process by which natural objects may be made to delineate themselves without the aid of the artist's pencil." The great difference between Talbot's work and that of Daguerre is that Talbot brought into use the photographic

negative from which a number of prints could be taken; by Daguerre's system a single picture only could be produced from each plate. Talbot, who was also a mathematician, botanist and astronomer, was honeymooning beside Lake Como when he first thought of trying to make permanent notes of the scenery for use in his water-colour sketches. Viewing scenes cast on the screen of his "camera obscura" made him think of the

[Continued opposite.]



CAMERAS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY: TWO OF FOX-TALBOT'S EARLY CAMERAS AND A MODERN PRESS CAMERA (RIGHT). FOX-TALBOT'S "MOUSETRAP" CAMERA (LEFT) WAS AN IMPROVED MODEL OF THE 1835 CAMERA (CENTRE).



NOW GIVEN TO THE NATION: OLD FARM BUILDINGS AT LACOCK ABBEY, WILTSHIRE, SHOWING A FINE TUDOR CHIMNEY.

LONG CONNECTED WITH THE TALBOT FAMILY:  
LACOCK, ONE OF ENGLAND'S OLDEST VILLAGES.



ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE AND BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES IN ENGLAND, WHICH HAS PRESERVED ITS ARCHITECTURAL INTEGRITY THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES: LACOCK VILLAGE, SHOWING SOME OF THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSES.

*Continued.*

possibility of a method of preserving the pictures of his surroundings at Como. Some of Talbot's earliest photographs, family groups, and so on, may be seen at Lacock Abbey, near Chippenham, Wiltshire. Here the President of the Royal Photographic Society, and other leading photographers, have arranged to take part in a special commemoration to-day, Feb. 11.

Lacock Abbey, the home of the Talbot family for many centuries, was presented to the National Trust, together with the village of Lacock and 284 acres of farmland, in 1944 by Miss M. T. Talbot, the granddaughter

(Continued below.)



A VILLAGE WHICH ONCE OWED ITS PROSPERITY TO THE WOOLLEN INDUSTRY: LACOCK, NEAR CHIPPENHAM, SHOWING 15TH-CENTURY STONE AND TIMBERED HOUSES.



CRUCK CONSTRUCTION IN AN OLD COTTAGE AT LACOCK: TWO TREE PRINCIPALS BENT TOGETHER, IN INVERTED "V" FASHION, FORM THE BASIC UNIT OF THE HOUSE.



A STREET WHICH LOOKS ALMOST THE SAME TO-DAY AS IT DID IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: A VIEW OF LACOCK, A VILLAGE OF NINETY-ODD BUILDINGS, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATION.

*Continued.*

of the famous photographer. Fox-Talbot's researches between 1834 and 1841 place him in the forefront of photographic pioneers, for, from the results of his scientific discoveries, all photographic technique has since developed. It was at Lacock Abbey that he carried out his experiments and his first photographs were of his home. In 1232, Ela, Countess of Salisbury, founded and endowed a house of Augustinian canonesses at Lacock, becoming its first abbess in 1240. The Order flourished at Lacock for three centuries until it was dissolved by Henry VIII. in 1539. In Lacock Abbey some original parts of the building still exist alongside later modifications and additions. In the little village of Lacock every century since the thirteenth and practically every style of architecture are represented in the ninety-odd buildings. That this village has so long preserved its architectural integrity is largely due to its fortune in having for so many centuries belonged to one family, the Talbots of Lacock Abbey. The name Lacock is said to derive from the Anglo-Saxon *lacwic*, a small stream, referring not to the Bristol Avon, which skirts the Abbey precincts, but to the lesser tributary, which flows through the village. Since successive abbesses owned the rectorial tithes of Lacock and tithes were usually paid in kind, a barn was required for the purpose. This fine fourteenth-century barn still stands at the south end of East Street. Miss Matilda Talbot continues to live in part of the Abbey.

ON January 27 two important steps towards fulfilling the objects of the Mutual Defence Association Act, passed by Congress last year, were taken in Washington. Firstly, President Truman gave his approval to what is called "the secret master defence plan." When passing the Act, Congress had laid down that until the President had been furnished with such a plan and had approved of it, no military material should be released under the Act. Secondly, the seven States of the North Atlantic Treaty which had made requests for aid in the form of military material, signed individual agreements with the United States in which the terms of the donor were specified. The eighth, Italy, entered into a similar agreement, but this took the form of an exchange of notes. It was afterwards stated that shipments of military material to Europe were expected to begin by March 1. This is not more than a month later than the date of the most optimistic forecasts made last year. Whatever criticism is directed against these arrangements, those who have made them at all events do not lie open to that of having wasted time.

President Truman at the same time signed an executive order placing Mr. Dean Acheson, Secretary of State, in charge of the administration of the arms aid programme, in which he is to have the co-operation of Mr. Johnson, Secretary of Defence, and Mr. Hoffman, Chief of the Economic Co-operation Administration. Such delay as has occurred appears to have been due to difficulty in drafting the text of the agreement with the United Kingdom, and it may be recalled that Washington showed plainly its feeling that the British negotiators were proving themselves needlessly fussy in this matter. From the point of view of the United States, it was above all essential that the material should not be improperly used or transferred to any other Government or individual without special permission. The United Kingdom, which is to receive certain raw materials, was concerned in case it should have been held guilty of default if any fraction of them were used for any purpose other than military equipment; it is now specified that no such charge will be made so long as an equivalent quantity of raw materials is so used. The Foreign Office pointed out that the United Kingdom was already doing a great deal, in the form of facilities to United States forces, and contributions to defence under the Brussels and North Atlantic Treaties. It had also agreed to meet administrative expenditure (in sterling) incurred here by the United States in connection with the agreement. It was committed to nothing new.

The amount of information supplied on occasions such as these by the Western Powers by comparison with that which proceeds from Soviet Russia and her satellites may strike future political historians as one of the most characteristic features of our epoch. It was stated that the proportions allocated to the countries concerned would be kept secret, but nevertheless revealed that the largest would go to France. As regards the United Kingdom, apart from the raw materials already mentioned, it was announced that the Royal Air Force would receive seventy Boeing B 29's, the *Superfortress* bombers used in the Pacific in the later stages of the war. These much-discussed aircraft have a range of some 4500 miles with bomb-load, a normal speed of 350 miles per hour, and a maximum height of some 38,000 ft. They are frankly intended as a stop-gap, the intention being to rearm Bomber Command with British jet bombers as they come into production. The new B 29's will be sent to East Anglian airfields, where personnel of the United States Air Force are at present stationed to facilitate the training of our air crews and ground staff in their handling.

Before coming to the material aspects of this transfer of military equipment, I will touch on its moral and political side. There are those, perfectly honest in their opinions and in no way inspired by pro-Russian or Communist sentiments, who view the transaction with regret. They feel that it emphasises the split between East and West and in a sense brings nearer the danger of war. They believe that it must appear to the Kremlin to be a definitely unfriendly act. It is, indeed, useless to pretend that the Kremlin can do anything but disapprove. At the same time, I consider that the objection is founded on emotion rather than upon reason. The two worlds, represented by Soviet Russia and its satellites and the United States with the nations of the North Atlantic Treaty, already exist. It must surely be considered a danger that the physical strength of the former should be so overwhelmingly the greater in Europe. It is reasonable to suppose that the provision of war material for the Western European nations will tend to impart to them the confidence which is an essential factor in their recovery. Sometimes the policy described as "practical" proves in the long run short-sighted, while that called "visionary" proves sound; but here I do not see how the nations can dare to act on any but the practical.

On the material side, the enthusiasm may be properly qualified without looking a gift horse in the mouth. I believe I have previously pointed out here that tanks, for

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE ATLANTIC PACT ARMS AGREEMENTS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

example, sent to France, though they will be in perfect condition, because the Americans understand so thoroughly the art of preserving them, will not be the most modern, and that their guns will be slightly less up-to-date than the tanks themselves. They will come as a boon to the French Army, because the tanks it possesses are of types as old, or older, are deficient in quantity, and are worn out with training. They can, however, only be looked upon as stop-gaps, like the B 29 aircraft, and at the moment



SIGNING THE MUTUAL DEFENCE AGREEMENTS IN WASHINGTON BETWEEN THE EUROPEAN ATLANTIC PACT NATIONS AND THE UNITED STATES: BARON SILVERCRUYS (LEFT), THE BELGIAN AMBASSADOR, AND MR. DEAN ACHESON, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE, SIGNING THE BELGIAN-U.S. AGREEMENT.



"THE NATURAL SEQUEL TO THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY": SIR OLIVER FRANKS, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN WASHINGTON, SIGNING THE BILATERAL AGREEMENT UNDER WHICH BRITAIN RECEIVES FROM THE U.S., AMONG OTHER THINGS, SEVENTY B 29 BOMBERS (*SUPERFORTRESSES*). HE IS WATCHED BY MR. J. W. FOLEY, TREATY ADVISER FOR THE U.S.

In his article on this page Captain Falls describes and discusses the signing on January 27 of the agreements between the United States and the European Atlantic Pact nations, whereby these nations receive military supplies from the United States; and he describes these pacts as "the natural sequel to the North Atlantic Treaty." Sir Oliver Franks, for Great Britain, and Mr. van Kleefens, for the Netherlands, were unable to attend the general ceremony, owing to various commitments, but signed the relevant copies of the agreements at their respective Embassies; but the representatives of Belgium, Denmark, France, Luxembourg and Norway met Mr. Acheson in the Conference Room of the State Department for the general ceremony. Italy had previously exchanged notes with the U.S.

do not appear likely to be replaced as quickly. Here lies the great problem of modern armaments, especially, perhaps, aircraft, tanks, and anti-tank artillery: the speed with which it becomes outdated, coupled with its high cost. This is largely a new characteristic. I write this week, owing to illness, without reference books beside my hand, but I think I am right in saying that the French

75-mm. gun dates from 1898, and the equivalent British 18-pdr. from 1905; yet both were modern in the First World War, and with slight modifications and streamlining of ammunition remained up-to-date for some time afterwards. Both were cheap, and before 1914 their ammunition was astonishingly cheap.

The combination of these two factors brings it about that even the wealthiest nation, such as the United States, is likely to possess no more than a very limited amount of the most up-to-date material in certain categories, and that, if it accumulates large reserves, these will be of types bordering on the obsolescent. I repeat that the material which will shortly reach French hands will be extremely welcome; it ought to make a great moral, as well as a material, improvement; but, while in some respects it may be as modern as any in the world, in others it will not be the equivalent of that possessed by first-line troops in the United States and Russian Armies. It would be ridiculous to crab this great scheme for such a reason, but at the same time, when we talk of "rearmament," it is as well to possess a clear notion of possible variations in its meaning. Britain's difficulties differ from those of France. She possesses what is, so far as is known, one of the best tanks in the world. In general, her problem as regards war material has been how much of her resources she can afford to devote to its production.

The progress made in the arms aid programme calls attention anew to one of the great questions still unanswered. Perhaps this question can be divided into two: (i.) What is the future of arms standardisation in the nations of the Atlantic and Brussels Treaties? (ii.) Since arms production in the industrial nations—the United Kingdom, France, Italy and Belgium—is likely to increase, so that they will become less dependent for them upon the United States, would it not be advisable in some cases, instead of standardising arms throughout these countries—supposing that to be practicable—to make certain categories in one or two countries only and exchange them with

other categories made in other countries? This was world commercial practice in the days of *laissez faire*, and one which still survives to a certain extent. As regards standardisation, the advantages of which are so obvious, I have in the past pointed out that it is a difficult process, and certain to be a slow one. I will say no more about it now except that some very good brains, military and civil, are at present being devoted to it, and that in working out a programme I should turn my eyes first on what is mobile, or portable, and at the same time used in vast quantities, as transport and ammunition.

The other object may be easier of attainment, but has to be approached more cautiously. The value of dividing up the work is influenced by the position of the respective countries. One may consider that it has a rather better chance of keeping its heavy motor industry running in war than another. If so, it would not submit to being left dependent on that other for its trucks, because it would expect the supply to be cut off suddenly. France might refuse to rely on Italian fighter aircraft, and Italy on French light tanks, even supposing neither could make anything as good at home as the other could supply; but they might have less objection to making such a bargain with Britain, as rather less likely to be overrun. But what would Britain think of the bargain? Can one imagine that it would be greeted with enthusiasm at the War Office or the Air Ministry? I am giving here the crudest instances to illustrate the difficulties. In point of fact, of course, there is only one country in the North Atlantic Treaty which would ever be entrusted with the sole production of any form of equipment. That is the United States, which is not only by far the greatest producer, but at the same time the least vulnerable. There do exist possibilities of useful economies on these lines without the dangers indicated.

I firmly believe that a good piece of work was done in Washington. It is difficult to write of the chances of avoiding war, and I have never shown, I hope, any excessive optimism on that subject; but I consider that the arms aid programme is a precaution against war, and one much needed. If the North Atlantic Treaty is to have the value which is expected from it, it has to be reinforced by provisions such as the United States has now made. The least hopeful way in which to face the spectacle of a distracted world is to proclaim that all the rulers are madmen and that the ordinary citizen is divorced from their schemes, though not from the consequences. The "rulers" on our side of the Curtain are harassed and worried men, not always very bright, sometimes pretty ignorant in the field of defence, but doing their best for security and for peace. They came to a unanimous decision, with the exception of those of two countries which rank very highly their chances of maintaining neutrality, about the North Atlantic Treaty. I believe they did right there. And this arms programme is the natural sequel to the North Atlantic Treaty.

SOME PERSONALITIES  
OF THE WEEK.

**MR. FRANK BYERS.**  
Chief Whip of the Liberal Party since 1946 and prospective Liberal candidate for Dorset North, the constituency which he has represented since 1945. In a political broadcast on January 31 he launched a personal attack on Mr. Churchill and made assertions about the Party broadcasts.



**DR. HERBERT E. WINLOCK.**  
Died in Florida on January 27, aged sixty-five. He was a distinguished Egyptologist and was Director of the Metropolitan Museum in New York from 1932 until he retired with the title Emeritus in 1939. He spent more than twenty-five years of his life working on excavations in Egypt.



INTRODUCED TO OFFICERS IN H.M.S. CHEQUERS: H.R.H. EMIR TALLAL, REPRESENTING KING ABDULLAH OF JORDAN, AT AQABA DURING THE VISIT OF THE C-IN-C. MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.  
*[Continued.]*

Power, C.-in-C. Mediterranean Fleet; and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who is First Lieutenant in H.M.S. *Chequers*. During his visit H.R.H. Emir Tallal inspected the guard of honour of the Royal Sussex Regiment, now stationed at Aqaba, watched exercises from the bridge of H.M.S. *Chequers*, and, before his departure, inspected the guard of honour of the Royal Hashemite Regiment.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS  
IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

**CANON J. O. HANNAY.**  
Died on February 1, aged eighty-four. Under the pen-name of George A. Birmingham he wrote nearly forty novels which included such popular works as "Spanish Gold" and "The Lost Tribes." Canon Hannay had been Vicar of Holy Trinity, Kensington Gore, since 1934.



**MR. SID FIELD.**  
Died suddenly on February 3, aged forty-five. On the evening before his death he had appeared as usual in "Harvey," at the Prince of Wales Theatre. He had been on the stage since the age of twelve and was a comic in the finest British music-hall tradition.



POLITICAL CONCILIATOR OF THE ORGANISATION FOR EUROPEAN ECONOMIC CO-OPERATION: DR. STIKKER.

On January 31 the Council of the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation adopted a proposal to appoint Dr. Stikker, the Netherlands Foreign Minister, to a new post to be called that of political conciliator. The purpose of the new post is to strengthen the political side of the organisation. It is understood that Dr. Stikker will continue to be Foreign Minister.



MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG THE SUBMARINE H.M.S. TABARD: H.R.H. EMIR TALLAL, WITH LIEUT-GENERAL GLUBB PASHA (IN THE REAR).



**REAR-ADM. SIR WILLIAM AGNEW.**  
Recently took up his appointment as general secretary of the National Playing Fields Association on his retirement from the Royal Navy. During the war he commanded the cruiser *Aurora*, known as the "Silver Phantom." Sir William commanded Vanguard during the Royal tour of South Africa.



GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND FROM 1920-44:  
THE LATE LORD NORMAN.

Lord Norman, Governor of the Bank of England from 1920 to 1944, died in London on February 4 at the age of seventy-eight. No Governor of the Bank before him had held office for so long. During his years at the Bank he played an outstanding part in domestic and international economic and financial affairs, but his actions sometimes gave rise to controversy.



CONFERRING IN HANOI: DR. JESSUP, THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR-AT-LARGE, TALKING TO THE EMPEROR BAO DAI.

Dr. Jessup, the United States Ambassador-at-Large, spent five days in Indo-China at the end of January and during his visit had talks with the Emperor Bao Dai. On January 31 Russia announced her recognition of the Communist régime of Ho Chi-minh, which has been at war with the French in Indo-China for over three years. The French Government sent a Note of protest.



**THE SHEIKH OF KUWAIT.**  
Sheikh Sir Ahmad al-Jabir as-Subah, ruler of the Arab principality of Kuwait, died recently aged sixty-five. His annual income was reputed to be the highest in the world. The Sheikh received his income from the Kuwait Oil Company, and did much to improve the conditions of his subjects.



CONFERRING IN ROME: MR. BEVIN WITH SIGNOR DE GASPERI, THE ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER, ON FEBRUARY 1.

On his way home from the Commonwealth Conference at Colombo, Mr. Bevin paid short visits to Cairo, Rome and Paris. While he was in Rome, Mr. Bevin was received in private audience by the Pope, paid a visit to President Einaudi and had a talk with Signor de Gasperi, the Prime Minister. In the evening he was the guest of Count Sforza at dinner.



FREED FROM THE SHOAL ON WHICH SHE WAS GROUNDED FOR FIFTEEN DAYS: MISSOURI HOISTING THE SIGNAL "WE ARE REPORTING FOR DUTY."

## "MISSOURI" REPORTS FOR DUTY: THE U.S. BATTLESHIP REFLOATED AFTER FIFTEEN DAYS ON A SHOAL.



DIRECTING THE TOWING TUGS FROM THE BRIDGE AFTER HIS SHIP HAD BEEN FREED FROM THE SHOAL: CAPTAIN WILLIAM D. BROWN, CAPTAIN OF MISSOURI.



INDICATING SOME OF THE DAMAGE WHICH WAS INFlicted: A UNITED STATES NAVAL OFFICER POINTING TO A BENT SECTION OF A PROPELLER.



THE SUCCESSFUL RE-FLOATING OF MISSOURI DURING THE REHEARSAL OF FEBRUARY 1: THE SCENE AS THE BATTLESHIP WAS TORN OFF THE SHOAL WHICH HELD HER CAPTIVE.



EXAMINING DAMAGE TO HER HULL: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF MISSOURI AND DOCK HANDS GAZING AT THE SHIP AFTER SHE HAD REACHED DRY-DOCK IN NORFOLK NAVAL SHIPYARD.

ON January 28 we gave a full-page photograph showing attempts by a fleet of tugs to refloat the 45,000-ton U.S.S. *Missouri*, which went aground on a mudbank in Chesapeake Bay on January 17 and on February 4, illustrated preparations for the next major attempt to refloat her, arranged for February 2. A rehearsal of co-ordination for this—the fifth attempt—was held on February 1, and in the course of the operations she was refloated. Six submarine salvage pontoons, nine beach cables anchored to the bottom of the bay and operated by winches on board *Missouri*, and six of the Navy's biggest tugs were used. The tugs pulled first to starboard and then to port, working the bow of the battleship loose from the mud.

*[Continued opposite.]*



WITH A LINE "TALKER" (R.) USING THE MICROPHONE AND HAND GESTURES TO SIGNAL TO THE TOW-LINE HANDLERS (LINING DOCK, L. AND R.): MISSOURI NOSES HER WAY INTO NORFOLK NAVAL SHIPYARD.

*Continued.]* After 30 minutes a slackening of the taut beach cables running from her stern was noted, and she perceptibly moved backwards. From then on progress was maintained. Still backing, *Missouri* was towed into the deep channel. There she was freed of the pontoons, having previously cut the beach cables, and moved out to deep water, where she anchored. Rear-Admiral Allan E. Smith, in charge of refloating, informed Admiral Blandy, commanding Atlantic Fleet, that damage was not serious. *Missouri* was taken into Norfolk Naval Shipyard to be dry-docked for inspection, and on February 2 it was stated that she would join the fleet for joint sea and air exercises in the Caribbean on February 28.



OUTWARD BOUND FOR GIBRALTAR IN ROUGH WEATHER ON THE HOME FLEET'S SPRING CRUISE : THE 2315-TON "BATTLE"-CLASS DESTROYER CADIZ "TAKING IT GREEN" IN A CLOUD OF SPRAY : A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION OF THE WEATHER-KEEPING QUALITIES OF H.M. DESTROYERS.



LANDING ON AN AIRCRAFT-CARRIER IN ROUGH WEATHER : A SEA HORNET TWIN-ENGINED FIGHTER TOUCHING-DOWN ON THE WET FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. IMPALACABLE.  
"TAKING IT GREEN" EN ROUTE FOR GIBRALTAR : H.M. SHIPS ENCOUNTERING ROUGH WEATHER ON THE SPRING CRUISE.

On January 28 the Home Fleet left for Gibraltar on the Spring Cruise and, after encountering rough weather, anchored in Gibraltar Bay on February 2 for a period of harbour drills and sea exercises. On February 27 the Fleet will sail to visit ports and carry out exercises in the Western Mediterranean. In March the Home Fleet will meet and exercise with the Mediterranean Fleet, and joint exercises will

also be carried out by some of the British warships and ships of the French Squadron. The Home Fleet is expected to sail for the United Kingdom on March 27. On the outward voyage the flag of the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Philip L. Vian, was worn by the aircraft-carrier *Implacable*, and the Home Fleet was accompanied by the battleship *Vanguard* and the Fleet carrier *Victorious*.



HOME OF FIVE BRITISH SCIENTISTS FOR OVER THREE YEARS: A VIEW OF THE MARGUERITE BAY BASE, STONINGTON ISLAND—AN ANTARCTIC LANDSCAPE WITH SIGNS OF SCIENTIFIC ACTIVITY.

Five British scientists had been marooned on the base at Marguerite Bay, Stonington Islands for over three years when the rescue aircraft, an amphibious Norseman piloted by Mr. Peter Borden St. Louis, a member of the rescue party on board the *John Biscoe* on January 30, 1949, successfully took off Mr. T. M. Randall, the wireless

operator and Mr. B. Stonehouse, the meteorologist, while, as noted on another page, Lieut.-Colonel K. S. Pierce-Butler returned to the base. On February 6 three more scientists were taken off by aircraft, leaving, on that date, seven still at the base. Our general view of the base shows the wireless masts and hangar. Graham Land

is a peninsula on the north of the great Antarctic continent, and is the nearest point to South America. It is part of the Falkland Islands Dependencies. James Cook, in 1775, was the first to cross the Antarctic Circle and pioneer explorations and surveys were made in 1820 by Edward Bransfield and, c. 1820, by the Russian Thaddeus

Bellinghausen. British scientists in 1898-1900 were the first to endure an Antarctic winter in a hut on the mainland; and in 1901-1904 Scott's initial expedition in the *Discovery* was the first to undertake long sledge journeys over the ice. By then scientific investigations in addition to charting were the objects of explorers.

# WHERE BRITISH SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN MAROONED: THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC.



A LIGHTER MOMENT IN A SCIENTIST'S LIFE IN THE ANTARCTIC: ONE OF THE GROUP AT MARGUERITE BAY, STONINGTON ISLAND, ROMPING WITH A "HUSKY" DOG.



SHOWING THE ROCKY LANDSCAPE AND VAST EXPANSE OF FROZEN SNOW: ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE MARGUERITE BAY PARTY FEEDING SEAL-MEAT TO THE "HUSKIES."



SHOOTING SEAL AT MARGUERITE BAY: SEAL-MEAT IS USED TO FEED THE "HUSKY" DOGS AND IS ALSO EATEN BY THE MEN TO SUPPLEMENT THEIR RATIONS OF TINNED FOOD.



A TYPICAL ANTARCTIC LANDSCAPE: A VIEW IN MARGUERITE BAY, STONINGTON ISLAND, IN EARLY SPRING, BEFORE THE "BREAK-UP," ILLUSTRATING THE EXTREME DESOLATION.



AT WORK, HATLESS IN ANTARCTIC SUNSHINE: SCIENTISTS BUILDING A HANGAR. THE RESCUE AIRCRAFT LANDED SOME EIGHT MILES FROM MARGUERITE BAY.



THE KITCHEN IN THE BASE HUT AT MARGUERITE BAY: THE MEMBERS OF THE PARTY TOOK TURNS TO COOK, USING PARAFFIN COOKERS TO PREPARE THE MEALS.

On this and the facing pages we reproduce photographs showing the conditions under which British scientists exist in the Antarctic during their long spells of duty. Domestic "chores" are divided up, and each man acts as cook in turn. The restricted space renders it essential for everything to be in apple-pie order, and all objects must be kept in their appointed places. Although aircraft are invaluable in polar exploration, teams of "husky" dogs for use in drawing sledges in the traditional

manner are always included in the equipment of a polar expedition. Scientists at work in the Antarctic investigate the life of the southern ocean, the geological structure and, above all, meteorology. The study of Antarctic depressions has a special value for weather forecasting in the Southern Hemisphere. More modern developments in terrestrial magnetism, cosmic rays and ionospheric research now also preoccupy polar explorers and scientists.



TAKEN OFF STONINGTON ISLAND BY AIRCRAFT ON JANUARY 30, AFTER BEING THERE FOR OVER THREE YEARS : MR. BERNARD STONEHOUSE (ABOVE), THE METEOROLOGIST, AND (RIGHT) THE STOREROOM AT THE BASE.



OUR photographs show how British scientists live at the Marguerite Bay Base, Stonington Island, Graham Land. Two of the five men marooned there for more than three years were, on January 30, taken off by aircraft. The pilot of the *Norseman* amphibious aircraft flew 200 miles from the base in the Argentine Islands to Stonington Island, but could not land in the prepared pool, owing to ice, so came down in a fjord some ten miles away. Mr. Randall, Mr. Stonehouse and Mr. J. S. Huckle rowed for three hours through the icefloes to reach the aircraft, and the two former went on board. As two men were needed to row the boat back, Lieut.-Col. K. S. Pierce-Butler returned with Mr. Huckle. The party at the base at the time of writing consisted of ten men, including Lieut.-Col. Pierce-Butler. The plant pots shown in our photograph of a party were grown in a "frame" adjoining the hut in "earth" composed of lava dust from Deception Island and fertiliser chemicals imported in the *John Biscoe* in 1946.



SOCIAL LIFE AT MARGUERITE BAY: SOME OF THE SCIENTISTS "DRESSED UP" FOR A PARTY, ENJOYING LIGHT REFRESHMENT. THE POT PLANTS ON THE TABLE WERE GROWN IN A "FRAME" ADJOINING THE HUT.



(LEFT.) AT THE RADIO TRANSMITTER IN THE BASE HUT, MARGUERITE BAY: A GROUP WITH LIEUT.-COL. K. S. PIERCE-BUTLER (SECOND FROM LEFT), WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FOR A FURTHER SPELL OF DUTY; AND (ABOVE) SCIENTISTS PRACTISING THE HANDICRAFTS WITH WHICH THEY WARD OFF BOREDOM. THESE INCLUDE THE MAKING OF DECORATIVE LAMPSHADES AND SO FORTH.



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### ANIMALS THAT MOVE IN THE NIGHT.

By ERNEST NEAL.

MOST of us are familiar with typical British woodland, or we imagine we are. We have often wandered along the paths and glades and marvelled at the fresh colours of the spring flora. We have disturbed an occasional fox, and watched squirrels playing hide-and-seek in the trees. We have heard the drumming of the woodpecker and the scream of the jay, and later in the summer been annoyed by the swarms of flies when we have had our lunch.

So many naturalists are content with seeing the woods in daylight, but they see only part of the story. The whole spirit of the woods alters when dusk sets in. In the daytime the woods are, on the whole, friendly places, especially when the sun is shining through the trees, and the flowers are at their best. But in the half-light of the dusk a wood becomes a place of mystery, full of strange shapes and sounds.

When I first started to watch badgers, I found it rather eerie sitting quietly in a wood at night; there were too many rustles and peculiar noises, especially at my back. But when I learnt to account for the sounds and to identify the animals, it became a thrilling occupation.

It is surprising how much of interest can be seen at late dusk, when the diurnal animals have returned to their homes and the nocturnal ones are emerging. On one occasion in a Cotswold wood I was watching rabbits coming cautiously from their burrows. They would keep motionless outside their holes for minutes at a time, with ears erect. Then one would clean itself or nibble a fallen sycamore leaf before making its way to the open pasture in a series of short jumps. I remember watching one rabbit as it followed one of the tortuous tracks which wound through the dog's mercury; I could just see a pair of ears above the foliage at intervals as it listened for danger. Suddenly there was a loud thump as a rabbit some distance away struck its hind limbs hard against the ground as a danger signal. Another replied

But it is not only foxes that go for the rabbits. When watching from a tree on the edge of a wood, I saw a poacher at work. He came so near that I could easily have taken a photograph of him as I had my flash apparatus all set up for badgers, but I had no thought of blackmail at the time, so he passed on, quite unaware of my presence. The most successful poacher I watched, however, was a sleek, sandy cat

went badly wrong on this occasion. It is interesting how late some birds work. I remember watching a wren building its nest one evening in May. Although dusk, it continued its journeys to and from an ivy-clad trunk a few yards from where I was sitting, until I could hardly make out its rapid flight in the gathering darkness. It was still bringing in nesting material at the rate of a beakfull every few minutes until I could see it no longer. Birds, however, usually retire to rest at about the same

time each evening. Night after night I could have set my watch by the cuckoo flying back to its roosting-tree at early dusk, and a few minutes afterwards a pair of carrion crows would come noisily home, landing on the upper branches of one of the taller trees with clumsy beating of wings as if the light were too bad for accurate manoeuvring. The blackbird always takes a long time to settle down at night. At first its chattering is loud and staccato, but gradually the notes become quieter and there are long pauses between the half-remembered phrases, as if it were already half-asleep.

It is fascinating to listen to the noises in a wood at night and to try and distinguish them. When the leaves are dry on the ground even slight noises seem startlingly loud. The slow, persistent shuffling of the hedgehog as it routs among the leaves for food is unmistakable; the pauses are few and the rustling quite loud. Then there are the light, hopping movements of the mice, a few long hops and then silence, then a few more and silence again. They may be only a foot or so away, but the movements are so quick it is not possible to see the animals in the faint light against the dark background of the earth. The voles move in a rather more scuttling manner; they are not so lightfooted as the mice. Then there are the large ground beetles, which are just too big to move quietly through the leaves. These can be heard quite easily on a still, dry night. Occasionally the wood appears to be full of noises like children shuffling through the leaves. These are due to badgers playing together or bringing back bedding to their sets for the winter. There are frequent pauses in their labours while they listen, as they make far too much noise themselves to hear anything else at the same time.

I have seldom had a really dull time when watching at dusk or at night. Many times I have not seen the animals I set out to watch, but usually something else has brought compensation. Once I found I was sitting near a hornets' nest and was somewhat alarmed to find how active they are after dark. Another time I watched a dormouse methodically climbing in its expert way each branch of a hazel bush in search of nuts. But whatever the experience, it is good to come under the spell of the woods in the quietness of dusk and to feel oneself not quite a stranger in nature's midst.



AN ANIMAL WHICH HAS WONDERFUL SENSES FOR AVOIDING OBSTACLES: THE LONG-EARED BAT. THE ENORMOUS DEVELOPMENT OF EARS, INCLUDING INNER EARS, ARE PROBABLY ASSOCIATED WITH THE PERCEPTION OF SUPERSONIC SOUNDS EMITTED BY THE BAT WHILE FLYING, AND WHICH ARE REFLECTED BACK FROM OBJECTS IN THE ENVIRONMENT WHICH ARE CONSEQUENTLY AVOIDED.

from the neighbouring farm, which stalked a family of half-grown rabbits on the bank opposite my tree. It found them easy prey, and returned almost at once with one in its mouth.

One of the worst frights I had in a wood at night was when I got up at 3 a.m. to watch some badgers return



DIFFERING FROM A RODENT (RAT OR MOUSE) BY ITS HEAVIER BUILD, SHORTER TAIL, SMALLER EYES AND SMALLER EARS HIDDEN IN THE FUR; A BANK VOLE, ITS SCUTTLING MOVEMENTS ARE CONTRASTED WITH THE LIGHT, HOPPING MOVEMENTS OF THE WOOD MOUSE.

nearer to me and withdrew down its hole. A third rabbit did the same a few yards from where I was standing, and in a few seconds there was not a rabbit to be seen; but the cause of the trouble soon came into view. It was a fine fox, trotting along quickly, with its mouth wide open and its tongue lolling out—obviously intent on some important business, but taking no notice on this occasion of the rabbits.

Another time, when seated in a tree, I was watching rabbits playing in the fading light during intervals between feeding, when I caught sight of a fox some distance away from them. This time the fox was behaving very differently. Making use of every bit of cover and crouching low, with brush down, it followed the rabbit paths until it was a few yards from an unsuspecting rabbit. There was a quick leap and a squeal, and the triumphant fox, with the rabbit in its mouth, trotted back towards an earth several hundred yards away where there were cubs.

home. It was very dark and I was making my way carefully along a badger path when a soft, furry thing hit me on the side of the face. It was a bat. This was rather an extraordinary experience, as bats have wonderful senses for avoiding obstacles, which work on the radar principle, but something



AN ANIMAL WHICH HAS COMPARATIVELY SLOW LOCOMOTION BUT VERY QUICK REFLXES: THE HEDGEHOG. THE MOVEMENT OF THE HEDGEHOG'S HEAD IS NEARLY ALWAYS NOTICEABLE ON A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT 1/25TH OF A SECOND. When taking photographs of a hedgehog, Mr. Neal noticed the quick response to the sound of the shutter and found it reflected in his negatives. After a few times, the hedgehog fails to react (*i.e.*, gets used to it). Therefore, Mr. Neal tried clicking the shutter several times, without making an exposure. Then, when the animal ceased to react, he made his exposure without difficulty.

## BALLET FROM INDONESIA: A BEAUTIFUL BALINESE LOVE-DANCE.



IN THE LOVE-DANCE KINTAMANI: RADEN MAS UTOMO, WHOSE SCHOOL OF DANCING IS BASED ON THE TRADITIONAL CONCEPTIONS OF JAVA AND BALI, WITH A GIRL PARTNER, ADJENG.



A BALINESE DANCE: RADEN MAS UTOMO AND HIS PARTNER ADJENG IN THE KINTAMANI, A DANCE WHICH REPRESENTS A YOUNG MAN'S FAREWELL TO CHILDISH THINGS.



AS THE MAIDEN WHO IS RESCUED FROM A DEMON BY A BRAVE YOUTH WHO HAS JUST AWAKENED TO THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF MANHOOD: ADJENG IN THE KINTAMANI.

Dancing and music play an important part in the life of all classes of people in Java, Bali and other parts of Indonesia, and the native music with its rhythmic variations, melodic patterns and variety is fascinating, even to the uninitiated Western ear. Dances in Bali are still largely based on the living religion. New numbers and ballets are devised by the dance teachers and introduced at the many public dance festivals; and some become lastingly popular. An Indonesian dance recital by Raden Mas Utomo and his Corps de Ballet was held recently in London, sponsored by Eastern World, and the Royal India and Pakistan Society, and the company are



RADEN MAS UTOMO IN HIS OWN DANCE, KINTAMANI: THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HEAD, FINGERS, ARMS AND UPPER PART OF THE BODY ARE EXTREMELY IMPORTANT IN BALINESE DANCING.

to appear for a week at Wyndham's Theatre on February 27, under the ægis of *Eastern World*. Our photographs show Raden Mas Utomo and Adjeng in the love-dance Kintamani, last of a sequence of Balinese numbers, recounting a consecutive story. Boys and girls are shown at play, but the eldest boy feels that the responsibilities and power of manhood are within his reach, and when a demon attempts to capture the girls he rescues them, and gives the love-dance Kintamani with the most beautiful of the maidens, who was almost captured by the demon. The Kintamani has had a success in Java and Singapore. [Photographs by Douglas Glass.]



(LEFT.) MARRIED IN WASHINGTON: THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN WITH HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY MRS. ROMAINE SIMPSON, AFTER THEIR WEDDING ON FEB. 4.

The Marquess of Milford Haven and Mrs. Romaine Simpson were married at the National Presbyterian Church in Washington on February 4. Between 500 and 600 people attended the service. The bride's mother, Mrs. McIlwaine, held the wedding reception in her flat. [Radio picture.]

(RIGHT.) USED AS MAIN WATER-PIPES FOR MORE THAN 200 YEARS: TREE-TRUNKS, FROM BENEATH A PHILADELPHIA STREET, EXAMINED BY EXPERTS.

For more than 200 years some of the main water-pipes in Philadelphia have been made of tree-trunks. A 6-in. bore ran through the trunks, which were joined at the bore by short lengths of cast-iron piping. Our photograph shows a construction company worker and a city water inspector examining the pipes.



THE FIRST SNOW OF THE YEAR IN VENICE: A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS PIAZZA ST. MARCO AFTER A RECENT HEAVY SNOWFALL.

Venice recently had its first snow of the year, and the City of Canals lay covered by a soft, white pall which in places reached a depth of 15 ins. It does not often snow in Venice, and when it does the scene is as beautiful, and as different, as the view of the city gleaming under a hot Italian sun.



FLOATING LIKE WHITE SWANS: SNOW-COVERED GONDOLAS IN ST. MARK'S HARBOUR, VENICE, TRANSFORMED BY THE FIRST SNOW OF WINTER.



"MAN OVERBOARD!": A SAILOR DRIFTING IN THE ATLANTIC AFTER BEING ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED OVERBOARD DURING A FUELLED OPERATION.

An American naval rating, R. L. Beasley, owes his life to a helicopter. During recent fuelling operations in the Atlantic he was accidentally knocked overboard from the aircraft-carrier *Midway*. A raft was thrown overboard and the sailor managed to clamber upon it. Meanwhile, with amazing speed, a



RESCUED FROM THE ATLANTIC BY HELICOPTER: THE SAILOR BEING RETURNED TO SAFETY ON THE DECK OF THE U.S. AIRCRAFT-CARRIER *MIDWAY*.

naval helicopter appeared on the scene and succeeded in plucking the man off the raft and returning him safe, although wet and shaken, to the deck of the carrier. He seemed none the worse for his unexpected bathe in the cold Atlantic and his subsequent aerial journey.

## ACCIDENTS IN THE GALES, A NEW WINTER SPORT, AND THE TABLE MOUNTAIN FIRE.



(ABOVE.) PARTLY SUBMERGED AFTER CRASHING INTO SOUTHAMPTON WATER OFF HYTHE : THE 35-TON B.O.A.C. SHORT SOLENT FLYING-BOAT "CITY OF EDINBURGH"; SHOWING THE OPEN AFTER-HATCH.

On February 1, the B.O.A.C. flying-boat *City of Edinburgh* crashed into Southampton Water off Hythe while on a test flight. The aircraft was alighting in squally weather when it became partly submerged and the eleven occupants, who were unhurt, escaped through the after-hatch and were picked up by a B.O.A.C. launch from Hythe. This crash is the first of its kind experienced in Southampton Water since the flying-boat service returned to Southampton in March, 1948.



HEADING FOR THE QUAY WHILE TUGS TRY TO HOLD HER BACK: THE UNITED STATES LINER *WASHINGTON* CAUGHT BY A GUST OF WIND WHEN BERTHING AT SOUTHAMPTON.

On February 3 the United States liner *Washington* was caught by a gust of wind when berthing at Southampton, which caused her to veer against the quay wall and, a few minutes later, against a fender. Her bows and hull were gashed in the impact and on the following day she entered dry-dock.



(RIGHT.) SKI-JORING BEHIND A HELICOPTER: ENTHUSIASTS BEING TOWED AT SOME 65 M.P.H. IN TRIALS OF A NEW WINTER SPORT ON LAKE ST. MORITZ.

New uses for the helicopter are continually being devised, and many of them have been illustrated in our pages. Here we show trials of a new winter sport—ski-joring behind a helicopter on Lake St. Moritz. It is claimed that speeds up to 65 m.p.h. can be reached by this method, and the helicopter can tow two or three skiers at a time.



TABLE MOUNTAIN ABLAZE : A VIEW OF THE GREATEST FIRE IN THE HISTORY OF CAPE TOWN, WHICH WAS FOUGHT BY THOUSANDS OF MUNICIPAL, MILITARY AND VOLUNTEER FIRE-FIGHTERS.

Early in the morning of January 27, a fire broke out on the slopes of Table Mountain and spread rapidly, blackening the whole northern face of the mountain and threatening houses along a ten-mile front. A strong gale fanned the flames, which ran through the dry vegetation and the pine forests



SHROUDED IN THICK SMOKE FROM THE KLOOF CORNER AREA: TABLE MOUNTAIN DURING THE FIERCE FIRE WHICH RAGED ALONG ITS SLOPES ON A TEN-MILE FRONT.

on the lower slopes. Forestry fire-fighters were aided by military and police volunteers and by a small Royal Navy detachment as well, but it took a thousand men until the morning of January 28 to check the progress of the fire.

## TRADITIONAL, CEREMONIAL, SPORT AND COMMERCE: THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE.



THE BRITISH TEAM FOR THE FOURTH EMPIRE GAMES, WHICH OPENED AT AUCKLAND ON FEBRUARY 4: A GROUP AT ARDMORE CAMP, WHERE THEY ARE HOUSED.

The fourth British Empire Games were opened at Auckland by the Governor-General, Lieut.-General Sir Bernard Freyberg, V.C., on February 4, and after the ceremony and parade, the track and field events were begun. Four new Empire records were set up, but British competitors failed to secure any major successes.



READING THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION DISSOLVING PARLIAMENT ON THE STEPS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE: THE COMMON CRYER SURROUNDED BY A LARGE CROWD. On February 4 the Royal Proclamation dissolving Parliament and summoning the new Parliament to meet at Westminster on March 1 was formally read in public by the Common Cryer of the City of London on the steps of the Royal Exchange. The Proclamation of Dissolution ends the thirty-eighth Parliament of the United Kingdom



LERWICK CELEBRATES UP-HELLY-A': THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION ESCORTING THE VIKING SHIP AND THE GUIZER JARL THROUGH THE STREETS TO THE CEREMONIAL BURNING OF THE GALLEY. The festival of Up-Helly-A' at Lerwick, the chief town of the Shetland Islands, was revived last year for the first time since 1939. This year the torchlight procession, headed by a model of a Viking ship and its crew of Vikings, was watched by thousands of spectators, who travelled by air as well as by sea to be present.



LONDON'S NEW "CALEDONIAN" MARKET AT BERMONDSEY: MISS VALERIE HOBSON EXAMINING A VASE AT A STALL AFTER SHE HAD OPENED THE MARKET. On February 3 London's new "Caledonian" Market was opened at Bermondsey by Miss Valerie Hobson, the film-star. There are 104 pitches for antique, curio and furniture dealers. In spite of protests, the old Caledonian Market, in the Caledonian Road, is not to be reopened.



ARRIVING AT OAKHAM CASTLE, TO OPEN THE COUNTY ASSIZES: THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, LORD GODDARD, PRECEDED BY THE HIGH SHERIFF, SIR HENRY TATE, BT.

Lord Goddard, first Lord Chief Justice for many years to hold Rutland Assizes in the ancient Norman Oakham Castle, complied with the ancient custom that lays down that every peer coming within the precincts of the Castle shall give a horseshoe to hang on its walls. Large gilded shoes bearing the



PRESENTING TO MR. J. R. HANBURY, LORD OF THE MANOR OF OAKHAM, THE FORFEIT OF A HORSESHOE, TO BE HUNG ON THE CASTLE WALLS: LORD GODDARD.

coronets of the donors surround that given by the King in 1944, but Lord Goddard gave an ordinary-sized shoe made at his Dorsetshire home, Bamford. The hall of the Castle, of Norman transition style, dates from c. 1180. The prisoners' dock, in the court room, is surrounded by spikes.



SHOWING THE ENORMOUS HORSESHOES ON THE WALL: IN THE CENTRE (BOTTOM ROW) THAT PRESENTED BY THE KING IN 1944: THE COURT ROOM, OAKHAM CASTLE.

## THE LYRE-BIRD. AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER SONGSTER.

By L. H. SMITH, M.Sc., D.Phil. (OXON.).

those of the male. The two slender plumes are absent, and the tail feathers number fourteen.

Mating occurs in May, and during this period the male lyre-bird displays on mounds which he constructs specially for the purpose. During the display the tail feathers are thrown forward over the head and frequently completely cover the bird, which pours forth its melody from beneath a bower of shimmering silvery shafts. His repertoire contains a number of notes exclusively his own; but includes a wide range of mimicry, embracing the raucous screeching of the black cockatoo, the flute notes of the butcher-bird, the liquid call of the grey thrush, the chattering of the mountain rosella (red lory), the

THE HOME OF THE LYRE-BIRD.



BUILT AT THE JUNCTION OF TWO TREE-FERNS ABOUT 12 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND: A LYRE-BIRD'S NEST IN SCENERY WHICH IS TYPICAL OF THE HAUNTS OF THESE BIRDS. NESTS ARE FREQUENTLY BUILT ON OR NEAR THE GROUND, BUT NESTS 20 OR EVEN 80 FT. ABOVE THE GROUND ARE NOT UNCOMMON IN AREAS WHERE THE BIRDS ARE LIABLE TO BE DISTURBED. [Photographs of lyre-birds, by Dr. L. H. Smith, appear overleaf.]

resounding crack of the coach-whip bird, the hearty laugh of the kookaburra, the several calls of the yellow-breasted robin, the soft undertones of the scrub wren, the rather cheeky notes of the pilot-bird, and many others, totalling some thirty different calls. Probably the most amazing item of mimicry is that of the rustling of the wings of a flock of rosellas in flight—done, be it understood, in the lyre-bird's throat.

Each male lyre-bird has a number of display mounds and keeps fairly strictly within his own territory, which is about 200-300 yards square. The display continues after the actual mating period until September or October, when the tail feathers are moulted. A new tail is grown in readiness for the mating season in the following year.

The female alone is responsible for the building of the nest and the rearing of the chick. The nest is

a large structure, consisting of an outer portion of sticks and an inner lining composed of the roots of tree-ferns and similar fine material. The entrance is at the side, so that the nest has a domed cover. The size of the nest varies from 24 to 30 ins. from top to bottom, and a similar distance from front to back, being some 18 ins. wide. The wall thickness is 3 to 4 ins., and the cavity is approximately 10 to 12 ins. wide by 11 to 13 ins. from top to bottom, and 12 to 15 ins. from front to back. Such a large cavity is required in order that the body and tail of the female (and the chick also, up to the age of 3½ weeks or so) may be accommodated.

The egg, approximately 2 ozs. in weight and 2½ ins. by 1¼ ins. in size, is laid early in July; at which stage the female plucks the soft, downy grey feathers from her own rump to provide a bed of insulation for the egg. The base colour of the egg is a "purplish-grey," varying from light to dark, with large, darker brownish-purple splotches over it. The incubation period is six weeks, and the chick, which is born almost naked, spends six weeks in the nursery before leaving to follow its mother into the forest. The female feeds the chick approximately once every half-hour, the food consisting of worms, hoppers, etc., which are stored in the cheek pouches and frequently partly digested before being regurgitated and shot straight down the chick's neck.

About once an hour the little chick turns around in the nest and delivers a dropping directly into the mother's beak; so that the nest is never soiled. If the nest is within 100 yards or so of a stream, the female carries the dropping, which is contained in a tough, gelatinous envelope, to the water and, wading out into the stream, very deliberately submerges it before departing. If the nest is remote from a stream, she digs a hole in the ground and buries the dropping. Thus is the scent destroyed and the risk of detection by forest prowlers (dingoes, foxes, wild cats, etc.) minimised.

The female is often a very good songster, and often endeavours to display, but naturally without such striking effect as the male.

After leaving the nest, the young chick quickly grows a tail, but the feathers are plain and broad, just like those of the female. The immature males and females closely resemble the adult female, except perhaps in size, the older birds often being somewhat larger; but the immature males acquire a more pronounced rufous-coloured patch under the chin. This colouring is not nearly so noticeable in the case of adult male lyre-birds. When the young male is a certain age (not known with any degree of accuracy, but probably not less than three or four years, and possibly more), he commences to grow filamentary feathers and shed his plain ones. It has been observed that several filamentaries are grown before the mature lyre-feathers are

acquired, and actually both immature and mature lyre-feathers may be worn at the same time. Later on, the immature lyre-feathers are discarded and the process of metamorphosis continues, the "long slender plumes," however, being acquired before all the filamentaries have been grown and all the plain (immature) feathers discarded. The transition period amounts to approximately a year, and the young adult bird then follows the same cycle as the older ones.

There is a great deal yet to be learned about the habits of the lyre-bird, but fortunately the relatively close proximity of Sherbrooke Forest to Melbourne (some 30 miles away) has made it possible, over the past fifteen years, to make some interesting observations and collect a series of photographs depicting various phases in the life-history and habits of Australia's premier songster.

THERE is probably no bird in the world which has attracted more widespread interest than the lyre-bird. The "display" of a male lyre-bird, which occurs during the mating season, is a spectacle of entralling beauty which cannot adequately be described, nor can any photographs do it full justice.

And the song of the lyre-bird gives him a place among the world's wonder birds—his song consists not merely of a few notes, but of a wide and varied repertoire. He is the "prince" of mocking-birds, imitating numerous large and small birds of the forest with a precision which is baffling, as well as being able to imitate a wide range of mechanical noises, such as the sawing of wood, the puffing of a steam-engine, and the barking of a dog.

The lyre-bird is confined to a comparatively narrow belt of the eastern highlands of Australia, which extend from just east of Melbourne, through Gippsland and eastern Victoria, through eastern New South Wales, and up to the south-eastern corner of Queensland. Melbourne and Sydney are fortunate in having the birds within easy reach, particularly in Sherbrooke Forest (Victoria), the National Park (Sydney), and the celebrated Blue Mountains of New South Wales—where visitors from many countries go every year in search of the lyre-bird.

There are two species, the Superb lyre-bird, which is found in Victoria, New South Wales and south-eastern Queensland, and the Albert lyre-bird, which is found in north-eastern New South Wales and south-eastern Queensland. [Some authorities distinguish three species.—ED.]

The body of the Superb lyre-bird is similar in size to that of the domestic hen, the colour being brownish to reddish-brown above, and light-to-dark grey beneath. The eye is dark, if not black, and bulbous, as befits a dweller of dark forest undergrowth. The legs are powerful and are equipped with large claws and strong toe-nails, with which the bird wins its food, consisting of worms, centipedes, grubs and other small insects.

The tail of the male lyre-bird consists of two lyre-feathers, which are some 27 ins. to 30 ins. in length, and 3 ins. to 4½ ins. in width; twelve filamentary feathers, and two long, slender "plumes." The lyre-feathers are beautifully coloured on the underside, being a delicate blend of russet and chocolate, in bands which alternate with a silvery mauve and terminate in a black border. The tips of these feathers are black. The upper-side of all the tail-feathers is a dark brownish black, which affords a measure of protection for the bird as it moves about the forest.

The filamentary feathers consist of a single mid-quill, and near the base the side feathers are close together and webbed, so that they form a close, mesh-like structure; but at a certain distance from the base the webbing ceases, and the filaments increase in length to 4, 5, and even up to 10 ins., there being 100 or more of these filaments on each feather. The filaments are very fine and become even finer at the extremities. The underside of the filamentaries is a silvery-mauve colour. The two slender "plumes" consist of a central quill and short side feathers, which increase in length at the extremities. It has been suggested that these feathers, which are normally trailed close to the ground, act as feelers, or antennae, thus serving as enemy detectors from the rear, and affording the bird a measure of protection against its natural enemies.

The filamentary feathers are about 30 ins. in length, and the "plumes" are a little longer. The overall length of an adult male lyre-bird is approximately 45 ins.

The female is similar in colour to the male, but the tail consists of plain, broad feathers, and the lyre-feathers are much shorter and less conspicuous than



CLEARLY SHOWING THE THREE TYPES OF FEATHERS: A MALE LYRE-BIRD WITH THE FILAMENTARY FEATHERS MOMENTARILY SLIGHTLY ELEVATED DURING DISPLAY.

## A BIRD OF MYSTERY AND BEAUTY: THE LYRE-BIRD OF AUSTRALIA.



STANDING ON A MOUND, WITH HIS TAIL FEATHERS ERECTED OVER HIS HEAD IN THE FORM OF THE TRADITIONAL LYRE: A MALE LYRE-BIRD.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DISTANCE OF 6 FT.: A FEMALE LYRE-BIRD, SHOWING THE VERY POWERFUL CLAWS AND ROUNDED TAIL FEATHERS.

The lyre-bird, one of the most striking and mysterious of living birds, does not rely on vivid colouring for its attraction. The general coloration of both sexes is of dark browns and greys, but on the under-side of the lyre-feathers there is a delicate blend of russet and chocolate, in bands which alternate with a silvery mauve and terminate in a black border. The tips of these feathers are black. The nest of the lyre-bird

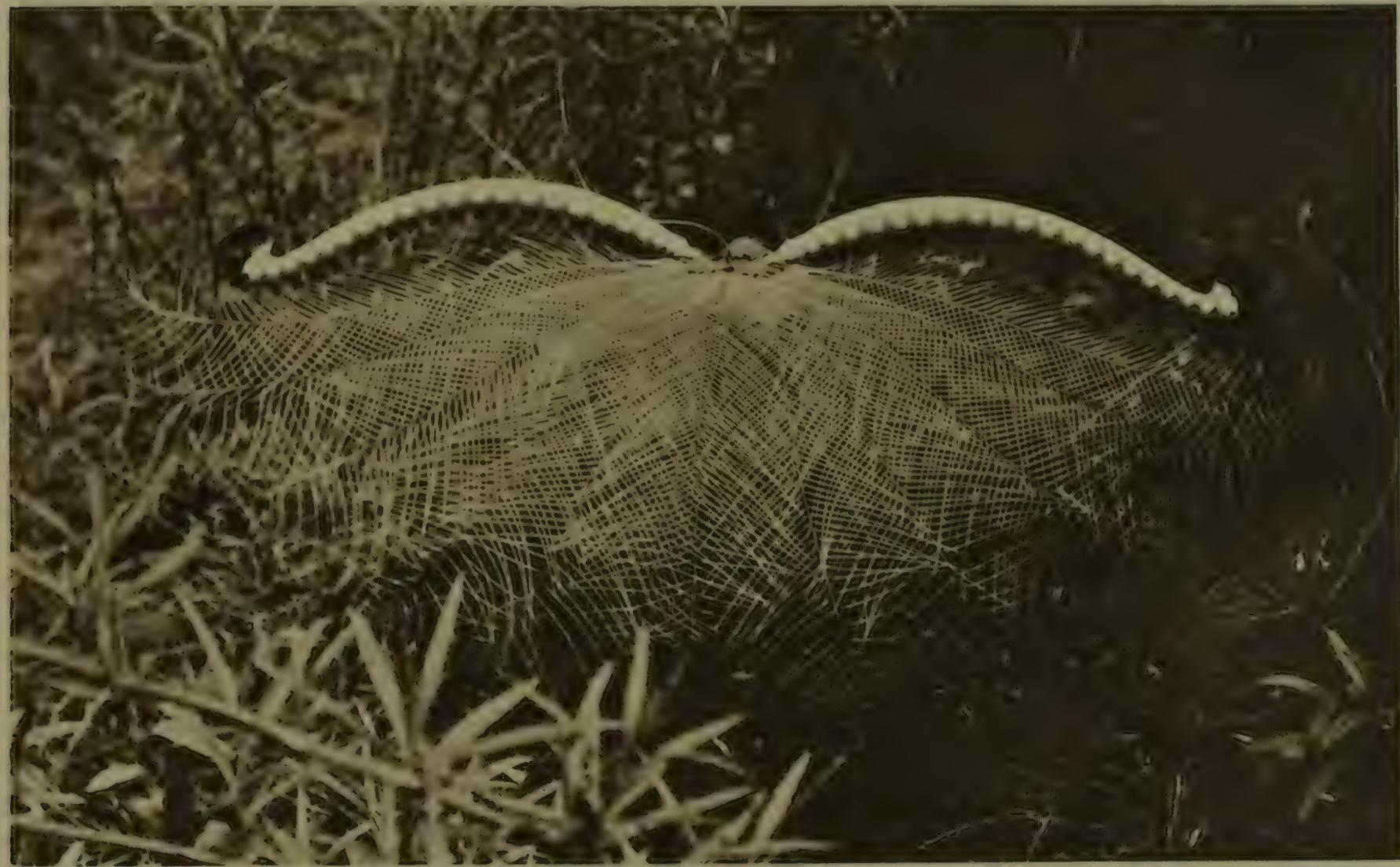


AT FOUR WEEKS OLD: A LYRE-BIRD CHICK, SHOWING THE OUTER NEST OF STICKS AND INNER LINING OF TREE-FERN ROOTS. GUM LEAVES PROVIDE CAMOUFLAGE.

contains but a single egg, and the newly-hatched chick is covered in a thick coat of down, which is replaced by feathers by the time the chick is six weeks old. After leaving the nest the young chick quickly grows a tail, but the feathers are plain and broad, just like those of the female. An article by Dr. L. H. Smith appears on page 225, and his photographs of lyre-birds appear above and on the opposite page.



"A SPECTACLE OF ENTHRALLED BEAUTY": A BACK VIEW OF THE MALE LYRE-BIRD IN DISPLAY, SHOWING THE LYRE-FEATHERS AND THE FINE STRUCTURE OF THE FILAMENTARY FEATHERS.

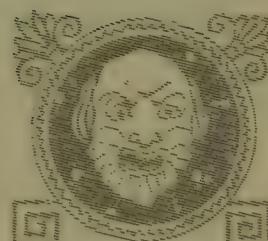


WITH ITS BODY HIDDEN IN THE DELICATE TRACERY OF THE FILAMENTARY FEATHERS: A MALE LYRE-BIRD SEEN FROM THE FRONT. THE TAIL-SPREAD IS 5 TO 5½ FT.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SPECTACLES IN THE WORLD: THE MALE LYRE-BIRD DISPLAYING ITS MAGNIFICENT TAIL.

In his article on page 225, Dr. L. H. Smith, of Victoria, Australia, who has been a keen student of the lyre-bird for the past fifteen years, writes of some of his observations and experiences of this shy and elusive song-bird of Australia. The lyre-birds, a dwindling race, are now confined to the forests of a coastal strip of south-east Australia. They live in the beautiful fern-clad gullies, where the sweetest-scented trees grow. In his recently published "The Story of Animal Life," Dr. Maurice Burton says: "The male lyre-bird in display is probably the most beautiful

of all birds. Added to this, it is remarkable for the beauty, the power and the range of its song. Because of their shyness and the dense vegetation of their habitat the birds are not easy to study, but a number of naturalists have, in recent years, made a special point of observing them and have reported that they are friendly and understanding to a high degree, that they have a highly-developed aesthetic sense and a rigid, impeccable moral code in domestic and tribal matters. If only half that is said about them is true, then they afford one of the biggest mysteries of the animal world."



## The World of the Theatre.

### MAKE-BELIEVE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT can be very pleasant—though the graver sort may frown upon it—when a dramatist takes one aside and, as it were, murmurs: "Between ourselves, this is all nonsense, but we might try it—just to see how it will go." Sometimes it does not go at all; but less harm is done than on occasions when we have been primed and prepared for some major and serious theatrical event that refuses obstinately, in performance, to be either serious or major. On the other side, when the unpretentious nonsense fizzes agreeably through an evening, we come out fizzing agreeably ourselves, and thanking the dramatist for avoiding any of the weightier preliminary pomps.

Christopher Fry, who has been dominating the theatre during the last week or two, is an unpretentious dramatist in the sense that, whether his plays hit or

his race of images, his darting wit. Some speeches—for example, the girl Perpetua's experiment with an endless sentence—are almost impossible to absorb at a first hearing: one needs the crib. I found myself noting down phrase after phrase and being conscious all the while that much was flicking by. After three hours I came out, a little dazed, into King Street, remembering a glorious jumble: a Duke in his observatory, an eclipse of the sun, a dangerous fire, a butler who had been a lion-tamer, some incidental archery, Olivier's strangely compelling voice in the darkness at the opening of the second act, the fresh charm of Heather Stannard, George Relph staring from a window ("There," says someone in effect, "he sits and purrs as if the morning were a saucer of milk.") More,

much more: Perpetua's sudden pistol practice, moonlight on Hallowe'en, the fantastic ending of the second act, and all the time a gold torrent of phrases—about an autumnal countryside "like a drowned angel lying in shallow water," about Saturn's light, about colours and trees, about commas that fall, "like lime-flowers, intermittently," about anything and everything.

All I need say of the fable is that, after the Duke and his son have competed, with much urbanity, for the love of the agent's surprising young daughter, the son wins and the Duke seeks philosophically the hand of a former mistress. It matters not in the least that, earlier that night, she had sought to burn down the observatory tower. What does anything (we assume) matter except the verse, the word? Here I ought to murmur at once that the acting and speaking at the



"A PLAY MADE FOR ENDURANCE, NOT A PIECE FATED TO FADE LIKE A WREATH OF MELTING SNOW": "VENUS OBSERVED" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, SHOWING THE SCENE IN THE OBSERVATORY ROOM WHEN PERPETUA SHATTERS THE APPLE WITH A PISTOL SHOT. (L. TO R.) EDGAR (DENHOLM ELLIOTT); HERBERT REEDBECK (GEORGE RELPH); PERPETUA (HEATHER STANNARD); THE DUKE OF ALTAIR (LAURENCE OLIVIER) AND JESSIE DILL (BRENDA DE BANZIE).



DÉCOR BY ROGER FURSE, WHOSE DESIGNS, "I SHOULD SAY, ARE THE BEST IN HIS CAREER": A SCENE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE ANCIENT VIRTUES IN "VENUS OBSERVED," AS PERPETUA (HEATHER STANNARD) AND EDGAR (DENHOLM ELLIOTT) REALISE THAT YOUTH CALLS TO YOUTH. (LEFT) JESSIE DILL (BRENDA DE BANZIE) WRITES TO HER FATHER, AND THE DUKE OF ALTAIR (LAURENCE OLIVIER) SUDDENLY FEELS THE HANDICAP OF THE INSIDIOUS YEARS.

miss, you know that he will never be heavily urgent about it. He uses the stage as a place for sophisticated make-believe, for an adult version of the "let's pretend" game, and—thanks to the humour that shimmers over his work—you do not feel that he is proclaiming what, indeed, he might proclaim: that he writes dialogue more remarkable than that of any dramatist but Sean O'Casey. Fry seems to say modestly that he is tossing it off for the fun of the thing. Yet you know that for once your sense of hearing will be fully gratified—and that, in our theatre, is a joy.

"Remarkable" is the word; but this, I am afraid—when Fry is working on his own—does not yet always imply "theatrical." Although he has a mint of phrases in his brain, he cannot discover a dramatic plot on which to lavish them. You may say that "Venus Observed," at the St. James's, has more plot than that other word-fancier's comedy, "Love's Labour's Lost." The difference is that, while the Shakespearean personages are personages indeed, Fry's people are primarily mouthpieces without much character of their own. I find it hard to care very deeply what happens to the Duke of Altair—the astronomer and amorist for whom Sir Laurence Olivier speaks so finely at the St. James's—even though I do realise that the man's verbal gift is enchanting.

When all is argued, it is good to find an evening of heightened speech, of verse with a lustre and a sheen; dialogue that comes, let us say, as the sound of a carillon rather than the blunt, monotonous ding-dong of many lesser pieces. We have not had so much of this since the high summer of the Elizabethans that we can afford to overlook it. Of all our dramatists, O'Casey (in prose) and Fry (in verse) are nearest to the Elizabethans. If the Irishman leads, it is because Fry has yet to show that he can unite tragedy and comedy as O'Casey does, and that he can flick up character so sharply in a speech or two.

This, no doubt, is black ingratitude. If you go to the St. James's, prepared to surrender yourself to sound, you will have a heartening night, and it will probably add a great deal to your enjoyment if you have first read the text of the play (which I have not yet had). At the première, one was striving to keep pace with the dialogue, with Fry's packed phrases,



A MOTHER AND SON WHO HAVE BEEN "DRAWN WITH AFFECTION" BY CHRISTOPHER FRY: MOTHER (MARY JERROLD) AND CUTHMAN (RICHARD BURTON) IN A MOVING LEGEND-PLAY "THE BOY WITH A CART," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"RING ROUND THE MOON" (Globe).—Here Jean Anouilh and Christopher Fry make cheerful rings round the playgoer, aided by the acting of such people as Paul Scofield, Claire Bloom (an appealing Cinderella-dancer), Margaret Rutherford and Cecil Trouncer, and urged on inventively by Peter Brook.

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" and "THE BOY WITH A CART" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Barrie's round-table-talk—who killed Cock Robin?—is more impressive than Christopher Fry's gentle legend-play which comes rather dullly to the stage.

"CAPTAIN BANNER" (Boltons).—The revival of this romantic drama, by "George Preedy," is a Boltons triumph; laurels to John Wyse, who plays Banner. All playgoers must hope that a gallant theatre will contrive, after all, to save its life.

"A LADY MISLAID" (St. Martin's).—A wholly ingratiating light comedy, by Kenneth Horne, which I shall remember both for its easy humours and for the repertory of expressions discovered by Avice Landone and Ronald Ward.

"MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION" (Arts).—Shaw's early sociological piece has frayed a little; but Brenda Bruce, Eric Berry and— for the most part—Aletha Orr act it with understanding zest.

"PARTY MANNERS" (Embassy).—Val Gielgud (author) and Raymond Lovell and Clive Morton (actors) have their joke with politics. No offence i' the world.

St. James's count a great deal; that Olivier does honour to the Duke, George Relph is the most endearing embezzler on record, Heather Stannard and Denholm Elliott have a cool grace, and Valerie Taylor is, most admirably, the lady that's for burning. And Roger Furse's designs for the observatory room and for the Temple of Ancient Virtues in its autumnal park, are, I should say, the best in his career. Olivier has certainly opened with a play made for endurance, not a piece fated to fade like a wreath of melting snow.

That is an extraordinary evening of purely verbal make-believe. The Lyric, Hammersmith, performance, in which Fry is paired with Barrie, is less exciting. "Shall We Join the Ladies?", in an immaculate Gielgud production, is as good as it ever was, once you have resigned yourself to the fact that nothing will be explained, and that from the first, Barrie—in his own vein of make-believe—has you neatly on toast. Fry's "A Boy With a Cart," which follows, is less theatrical. It is the thinnest affair about the journey of young Cuthman and his mother from Cornwall to Sussex, and the building of a church at Steyning. Fry has drawn mother and son affectionately, and they are acted with equal affection by Mary Jerrold and Richard Burton, but the gentle pilgrims' progress is not really strong enough for professional performance. On the way we are glad to see the comedy of Noel Willman and to hear Robert Marsden's splendid voice. So, at last, to the Globe and to "Ring Round the Moon," another of Fry's astronomical titles. The play is actually Jean Anouilh's "charade with music": nothing could be more disarming than that description, and certainly the evening disarms us. Oliver Messel's set, a winter garden in spring, has a fantastic beauty, and the comedy, a little Cinderella tale, with a pair of contrasted twins (played with alert gaiety by Paul Scofield), and a dragon in a bath-chair (Margaret Rutherford throwing flame), is an amusing gossamer caprice. Fry has been loyal to Anouilh: I spotted only a few of his own hall-marked phrases. The fantasy is patterned and controlled ingeniously by Peter Brook. As a producer, his wit, imagination (and good temper) endure. He enjoys his make-believe, and, blessedly, he communicates an unstaled enthusiasm.



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# This England . . .



Willy Lott's cottage in the Constable country  
(seen in the "Hay Wain," etc.)

"SOON ripe, soon rotten" is a scrap of country wisdom that does indeed apply to more than fruit. One sees the truth of it in many a man. John Constable, who immortalized a part of our English countryside, did his best work at near his fiftieth year — yet he was at his painting since a child. This slow maturing, like those Suffolk landscapes, is typically English — and you are thereby drawn to it. If, for example, you did not already know, you might guess that it is the patient, unhurried working to maturity that makes your Bass and Worthington such rich delights — to you as to the men of Constable's day.



A YEAR or so ago I found myself in Leeds with an hour at my disposal, and made my way to the City Art Gallery, at that time still in a rather dilapidated condition after the war. I don't quite know what I expected—what I found was something which pulled me up short and provided me with one of those delightful surprises which live in the memory. Here, among other pictures from the same collection, was one of the most engaging masterpieces of Western European art—"The Nurture of Jupiter," by Nicolas Poussin—housed temporarily at Leeds and, owing to enemy action, unable to return to that enchanting little gallery at Dulwich—the gallery of "Alleyn's College of God's Gift"—where one used to walk beneath the trees half-surprised at not meeting Gainsborough himself in a three-cornered hat, so powerfully evocative of the eighteenth century were one's surroundings.

Just before Christmas, I, and several thousands of others, were fortunate enough to see this marvellous canvas again, this time in the company of its peers, at the Exhibition of French Landscapes at Burlington House. I hope to look at them all once more before the show closes on March 5, and, in addition, spend an hour in front of the no less admirable examples in the National Gallery, not forgetting, in my mind's eye, the incomparable Pietà which was not the least among the pictures from Munich which were on loan there last spring. It will be apparent from this that upon me—and indeed many others—Nicolas Poussin exercises a very special magic which becomes more powerful with the years. Whether



FIG. 2. "LANDSCAPE"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665).

Poussin's subtle understanding of the various masses in a wide, open landscape is demonstrated by this beautiful drawing.

Illustrations reproduced by Courtesy of the Musée du Louvre, Paris.

those of us who are in this state of beatitude can advance any convincing reasons is doubtful; it may be that our critical faculties desert us when confronted by so novel a picture as, say, Lord Plymouth's "Death of Phocion," but while as many as sixteen paintings and seven drawings by this great French Classicist are there at Burlington House for public enjoyment, perhaps the attempt is worth while.

It has been said with some truth that in England we were deficient in colour sense until Turner, in his later water-colours, showed us unimagined and, to some of his contemporaries, unimaginable subtleties, and that may account in part for a certain preliminary diffidence in our acceptance of nineteenth-century Impressionism. But Poussin is hardly a colourist in this sense, and the fact that he was not—so cool, so intelligent, so self-contained—may have been one of the negative reasons why English collectors of the eighteenth century manifestly considered him a demigod. But what I think positively appealed to them, and which we are discovering all over again (aided, no doubt, by the experiments of Cézanne), is the way in which, by a divine exercise in the higher geometry, he constructs a landscape in such a way that the figures, hills, trees, valleys and buildings of which it is composed are each integral parts of the whole—figures echoing the forms of natural objects (can one

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A GREAT FRENCH CLASSICIST.

By FRANK DAVIS.

echo a form? Yes, if you are Poussin) and the structure, with its manifold planes, rising musically—I use the word of set purpose—to the horizon and bound

of being a hindrance is a positive aid to enjoyment—we can concentrate upon the painting and its mood without being distracted by literary allusions.

Of his drawings, chance has willed it that while the British Museum possesses a magnificent series by Claude, his contemporary and neighbour at Rome, where he spent nearly all his working life, Poussin is scarcely represented. There are many at Chantilly, and the Louvre owns sixty, from which the three illustrated here have been selected. Of the seven now to be seen at Burlington House, three have been lent by H.M. the King. Are you one of those fortunate hunters who derive at least as much pleasure from the chase as from the kill? If so, search for the drawings of Nicolas Poussin in auction rooms and in byways and hedges. You will find all sorts of imitations by earnest and competent followers, for his influence was enormous: if you discover after many years an authentic work from his hand, you are lucky indeed.

An indication of the intriguing difficulty of this pursuit is provided by the position at the British Museum where, to quote from Mr. A. E. Popham's survey, "Out of 23 drawings only one composition has been admitted as genuine by the recent and intensive study preparatory to the issue of a definite *corpus* of Poussin's drawings. This is a sheet with an autograph draft of a letter and the study for a picture of the Holy Family, now in the Sachs collection at Harvard, dating from between 1648 and 1650. Besides this, which is primarily interesting as a document, there are two apparently authentic and certainly most attractive studies of sunlit woodland scenery, from the collections of P. J. Mariette and R. Payne Knight." (The R. Payne Knight collection, which included 273 out of the 313 drawings by Claude which belong to the nation, was bequeathed to the British Museum in 1824.)

Nicolas Poussin was born in 1594 at Andelys, in Normandy. His ambition in life was to paint and to paint in Rome, then the artistic centre of Europe. He arrived

there in 1624, married in 1629, and made his home on the Monte Pincio. This self-imposed exile was broken in 1640, when Louis XIII. invited him to return to Paris. But he soon found that his official appointment as "First Painter in Ordinary to His Majesty" was not to his taste—in to-day's jargon, he preferred private enterprise to State control—and in 1642 he went back to Rome. He died in 1665.

Fig. 1 is a superb example of his mastery of light and shade and of his delight in the forms of natural objects, while Fig. 2 shows how subtle is his understanding of the relations of the various masses in a wide, open landscape. Fig. 3 is a typical study of figures set against a background of trees and rocks.



FIG. 1. "STUDY OF TREES";  
BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-  
1665).

This pen-and-wash drawing by Poussin is "a superb example of his mastery of light and shade and of his delight in the forms of natural objects . . ." writes Frank Davis.

together by the most delicate nuances of tone. This deliberate, logical and learned approach to his subject could, if directed by a less powerful, a less compassionate mind, so easily lead to accomplished sterility—as indeed it did in later imitators—but with Poussin one is

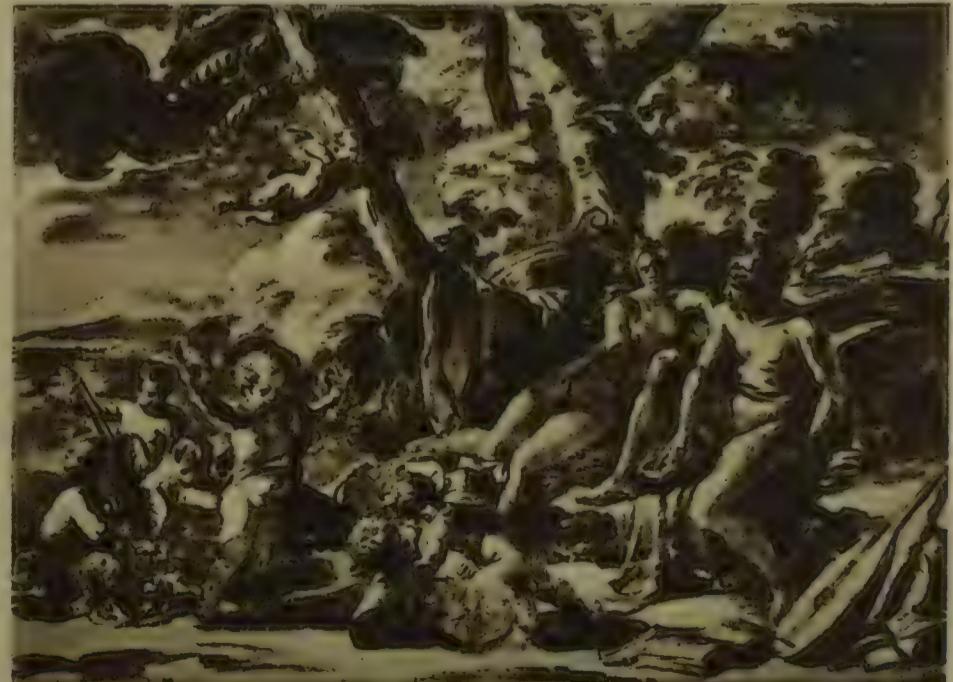


FIG. 3. "VENUS AND MERCURY"; BY NICOLAS POUSSIN (1594-1665).

No painting from this drawing is known, but the group of Cupids on the left appears in a picture in the Louvre entitled "The Concert." The composition of figures set against a background of trees and rocks is typical of the artist.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

I HAVE a leaning to novels about India as such, and a special leaning to Philip Woodruff; and so "The Island of Chamba" (Cape; 9s. 6d.) was a pleasure to me even from the outside. How agreeable it is to put off starting a book, in complete confidence that one is going to enjoy it! But then, how natural to overpraise what suits one so well, and to regard any weakness as beside the point. So I shall admit at once that this charming story has its weak side. Though short, it has required some padding, for the action is very slight. Figures are elaborately sketched, and then have nothing to do. There is a faint, superfluous, off-stage love-affair—and to conclude, a tiresome element of throwback, that worn device, which should be banned officially for twenty-five years. So much for the devil's advocate; the rest is all charm and interest.

Chamba, though mentioned and described by Sir John de Mandeville, has no actual being; it is the princely State *par excellence*. In theory, a separate kingdom, and proud of it—separate from the India Office, but submissive to the King-Emperor, in whose mild shadow it has been forgotten by time. The people are Hindu; the Sultan, gloriously styled His Magnificence, is of the blood of Tamerlane; the feudal lords are all Muslims, as it were contemporary with the Great Moghul. And nobody has minded, so the British have found no fault. But now the British are to leave India; they really mean it, and the island will be thrown over. Suddenly, its ancient peace has become a crime; it is learning communal ferocity, and threatened with annexation in the name of the oppressed people. Its only hope is to forestall the rescuers by a sweeping change. But the feudal lords are not disposed to give way, and the Sultan naturally feels that he must stand by them.

Charles Bolsover has recently come out from England as Adviser in Oil. Granted, there is no oil in Chamba; but His Magnificence, and also the British Envoy, thought it a good idea. The Sultan and his Prime Minister need someone to talk to—someone reliable yet unofficial, unconnected with island politics. And though Charles has been afraid he would have nothing to do, in practice his responsibilities increase all the time. First, he must redecorate the State guest-house; then he finds himself in charge of the heir apparent; and at last, when rioting has broken out and revolution is at the door, it is Charles who steps in and compels the unhappy ruler to make a virtue of necessity.

One can't help liking His Magnificence, the shrewd old buffoon, or feeling sorry that his island should be brought up to date. The Muslims, though ineffably pig-headed, are charming people; and the story of the *sadhu* and the mosque, which comes to so dark an end, reflects in its beginning the simplicity of a golden age.

I could not look upon "A Few Flowers for Shiner," by Richard Llewellyn (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), as a treat in store; for, to be honest, I was not at home even in the green valley. This latest work is rather like a blow on the head. The scene is Italy; and Snowy Weeks, a soldier of the Eighth Army, is off on his beloved truck to plant a few flowers on the grave of his beloved chum. He would have liked to be alone with Rosie, the almost-human, but his orders are to take Bill Dodds, a Lancashire man. Soon they are giving lifts—to an American without a pass, to an Italian Princess born in New York, and, for a little way, to the repellent and fishy Dincott. As they go along, they do a great deal of squabbling, and act the good Samaritans in much grim distress. They reach the grave—and Rosie disappears. They get her back, and she is stolen once more, while Snowy dallies with the Princess. He just can't help it; he is the most uxorious of husbands, but the Princess has got him down. She carries a falcon on her shoulder—I don't know why, unless to emphasise her heraldic quality; and that is just what Snowy finds irresistible. And so he dallies, and is put to shame. But Rosie shall not be lost; he will go after her, and get her back against fearful odds. Indeed, the thieves are a private army, a gang of international deserters, ruling the countryside. And at their head, a cynical, fantastic fiend, is the missing Dincott.

Well, it ends happily. The Demon King goes up in flames, the truck is unharmed, and Snowy's class-delusion fades out in the arms of experience. But the lurid pantomime effect is so baffling that I could scarcely keep up; and the lushness of the manner is indescribable.

In "Margaret Catchpole," by George Goldsmith Carter (Constable; 10s. 6d.), we have a plain story of adventure, founded on fact. Margaret Catchpole is a servant-girl in love with a smuggler. In those days, at the end of the eighteenth century, the Suffolk "gentry" had the worst name of all. Some of them are outlaws, murderers and wild beasts; some, like Margaret's Will, are only young chaps enjoying the lark. Since he is deep in love, and Margaret is a girl of good character, he has been posing to her as a merchant seaman. When she finds out, instead of dropping him, she tries to amend his ways. And almost with success; at one point he joins the Navy. But fate and Luff, his evil genius, conspire against her, tearing them apart and driving Will to more savage courses. Margaret acting for herself is esteemed by all, but Will is always turning up to make trouble. At last he tells her to steal a horse and meet him instantly in London; so she does that. She might be hanged for it, but gets off with transportation, and has good cause to bless the day. It is all healthy, hearty, stuff, with a smell of brine and a procession of stirring incidents. And something more:

"Frequent Hearses," by Edmund Crispin (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), centres in an English film studio. At Long Fulton they are going to make a film about Pope, and Gervase Fen is acting as adviser. Then a girl commits suicide. The odd thing is that she was a career maniac, and she had just secured a good part. Another puzzle is her real name. Someone has been through her lodgings and destroyed every clue—someone with a plan of vengeance on all who wronged her—someone too glaringly connected with her real self. That, at least, is Fen's theory, and the mortality among the Cranes is enough to justify it. The nature of the wrong comes out, most unconvincingly, through a stolen letter; the avenger can be spotted afterwards by pure reason. In this new story Mr. Crispin, the frolic amateur, has toned himself down; but there is liveliness in plenty, and the whole thing is very pleasing.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM PANTOMIME TO SHAKESPEARE.

TOWARDS the end of World War I, a small boy was watching his first pantomime. After the Transformation Scene and some glorious knockabout fooling by the Dames, a lady came on and delivered herself, with some vigour, of a sentimental ballad. The small boy's voice rang urgently through the stalls "Mummy," it asked. "Mummy. Is the pantomime over now, Mummy?" The small boy thus showed an early appreciation of what real pantomime should be. He held strong views then; he does still. The modern tendency to make them into musical comedies, without "pantomime couplets," and with "blue" jokes for the grown-ups instead of robust fooling for the young, is deplorable. Although he does not agree with me that real pantomime is dying, that excellent critic and experienced theatre-goer, Mr. A. E. Wilson, shares some of my doubts in "The Story of Pantomime" (Home and Van Thal; 8s. 6d.). He traces the history of pantomime from its first appearance in this country at the beginning of the eighteenth century, through the heyday of the harlequinade, when the great Grimaldi was the clown of clowns, the harlequinade's decline in the 'seventies of the last century before the comedians were imported from the music-halls, up to the present day, when, as I say, he takes a much more optimistic view of the state and tendencies of pantomime than I do. For me the closing of the Lyceum was a terrible blow. There you saw pantomime at its most traditional. There the bulk of the script (written, I believe, for many years by the box-office manager) was made up of the true "pantomime couplet," fantastically scanned, most dubiously rhymed, but robust and filled with verve. You know what I mean.

DEMON KING: 'Ist! Oo comes 'ere? The Fairy Queen!  
I think I'd better vanish from the Scene.'

Mr. Wilson's book is crammed with quotations from pantomimes of the past—from the appalling puns which were *de rigueur* in the last century, to some fine Drury Lane or Lyceum specimens of pantomime couplets, of which I select this as typical:

And as for you, you idle apprentice,  
You really make me feel *non compos mentis*.

All students of the stage should buy this book.

And that, as they say, goes for Mr. Ernest Short's "Introducing the Theatre" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.) too! This is a book about the theatre from an unusual angle. Mr. Short has been an enthusiastic theatre-goer for the past fifty years (he is already the author of two other books on the stage). He now sets out, not to give a history of the theatre (though that is included), but to analyse the many varying factors which make a play that elusive thing, "good theatre." To this end he analyses with scholarly care, but with a light pen, not merely the technique of successful dramatists, the construction of plots, the function of the producer, the art of the great actors and actresses, the use of spectacle, and so on, but the economics of the stage. He shows, for example, how nicely balanced had to be the relationship between the number of seats at the Coliseum and the outsize expenditure on scenery and chorus to ensure the financial success of Sir Oswald Stoll's "White Horse Inn," or how Noel Coward's "Cavalcade" took the form it did precisely because it was designed for the largest theatre in London. Or how obviously only a theatre such as Drury Lane could cater for so big or so potentially successful a musical as "Oklahoma!" if the producers were to reap the full reward of the big crowds which they rightly expected. Mr. Short's knowledge of the theatre is indeed colossal, but it is paraded without ostentation. I imagine that every aspiring young actor and actress will want to get hold of this book, that the old stagers will be delighted with the memories it evokes, and that anyone with the slightest interest in the theatre will find it as illuminating as it is pleasantly written and illustrated.

For balletomanes (that surprisingly growing group of enthusiasts which includes my cook amongst the most fanatical) there is a treat provided by Mr. Cyril W. Beaumont's "Complete Book of Ballets" (Putnam; 30s.). This is a collection of the stories of more than 200 ballets—each grouped under its own choreographer, so that his work can be studied as a whole. The period covered is from 1786 almost to the present day (and how charming are the illustrations to the early- and mid-Victorian ballets!). It ranges, that is to say, from Dauberval's "Fille Mal Gardée" to Lopukhov's "The Bright Stream." This Soviet production was, I feel sure, danced with the Russian skill which even the Soviets have not been able to destroy. The story of the Shock-worker and Members of an Artiste Brigade sounds as dreary as the steppes (no pun intended). Unlike Mr. Short's book on the theatre, this does not attempt to analyse the music or choreography of these ballets. Mr. Beaumont's book tells a straightforward series of stories which balletomanes will prize. At all events, he has solved my next year's Christmas present problem as far as the most important member of my household is concerned.

We return to the analytical method again with "Wagner Nights," by Ernest Newman (Putnam; 35s.). This big companion volume to Mr. Beaumont's, by one of the most distinguished of musical critics, disclaims the rôle of criticism. But the analysis of each opera, its history, and its detailed description, scene by scene, is criticism at its best. It is also at times extremely and consciously funny. I would not have dared to say the things about the physical appearance and attributes of some of the world's great singers which Mr. Newman permits himself. I like, too, his reference to Tannhäuser, a historical character, who wasted his patronage on "fair women, good wine, dainty meats and baths twice a week." Mr. Newman believes that the legend of the romps in the Venusberg was largely due to disapproval of the growing bourgeoisie of the knightly moral laxity of which Tannhäuser was a symbol and "his reckless unorthodoxy in the matter of baths."

The art of anthology is rarely mastered, but the late Logan Pearsall Smith was an inspired exemplar. His last work, "The Golden Shakespeare" (Constable; 15s.), prepared for the press by his friend and collaborator, Mr. Robert Gathorne Hardy, is well named. Pearsall Smith's patient siftings have left us with the pure gold of Shakespeare, none of the dross having escaped his quick eye and excellent taste.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

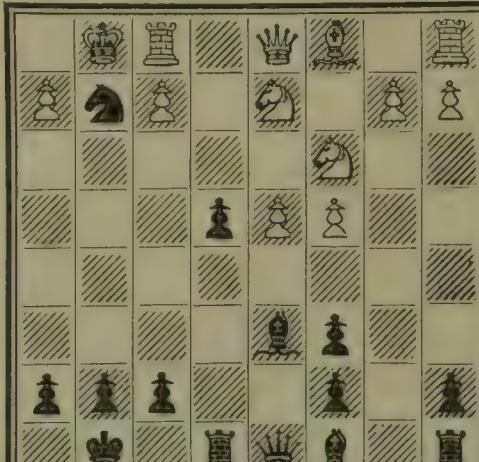
HERE are the scores of two games which have come to me in this week's post-bag. Each was short, and sweet for the winner if not the loser; each has its lesson for the attentive student. The first was played recently in a match in the Barnet and District League, and illustrates the danger of leaving your king's wing undefended, and especially of allowing your precious king's knight to be driven from its natural post at KB3.

## TWO-KNIGHTS DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
JARRETT	LAWRENCE	JARRETT	LAWRENCE
1. P-K4	P-K4	11. P-QB4	Kt-B5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	12. QKt-B3	Kt × KtP!
3. B-B4	Kt-B3	13. Kt(Q2) × P	B × Pch!
4. P-Q3	P-Q4	14. K × B	Q-R5ch
5. P × P	Kt × P	15. K × Kt	B-R6ch
6. B-QKt5	B-Q3	16. K-Kt1	R-K3
7. B × Ktch	P × B	17. Kt-Kt3	B-Kt5
8. Castles	Castles	18. Q-Q2	B-B6
9. P-Q4?	P-K5	19. Q-Kt5	Q-R6
10. Kt(3)-Q2	R-K1	20. Resigns	

Black certainly conducted the attack brilliantly.

## WHITE.



## BLACK.

The diagram shows the position after Black's crashing twelfth. If now 13. K × Kt, the neatest seems to be 13. ... Q-Kt4ch; 14. K-R1; B-Kt5, and now, whether White plays 15. Kt-B3 or 15. P-B3 or 15. R-KKt1, there comes the coup de grâce in 15. ... Q-R4.

The next game was played in the "C" Section of the Premier Reserves at the recent Hastings Congress. Black's eighth move inadvertently permits White's two central pawns to romp down the centre of the board, with crushing effect.

## CARO-KANN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
WHITAKER	JONES	WHITAKER	JONES
1. P-K4	P-QB3	9. B × B!	P × B
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	10. P-B4	Kt-K2
3. P-KB3	P × P	11. P-Q5	Kt-Kt3
4. P × P	Kt-KB3	12. Kt-QB3	Kt-Q2
5. P-K5	Kt-Q4	13. Q-R4	K-K2
6. Kt-KB3	B-B4	14. R-K1	P-B3
7. B-Q3	P-K3	15. P × Pch	K-B2
8. Castles	P-B4?	16. Kt-Kt5ch	Resigns

Black might have given White the rare enjoyment of checkmating with a pawn!

and its detailed description, scene by scene, is criticism at its best. It is also at times extremely and consciously funny. I would not have dared to say the things about the physical appearance and attributes of some of the world's great singers which Mr. Newman permits himself. I like, too, his reference to Tannhäuser, a historical character, who wasted his patronage on "fair women, good wine, dainty meats and baths twice a week." Mr. Newman believes that the legend of the romps in the Venusberg was largely due to disapproval of the growing bourgeoisie of the knightly moral laxity of which Tannhäuser was a symbol and "his reckless unorthodoxy in the matter of baths."

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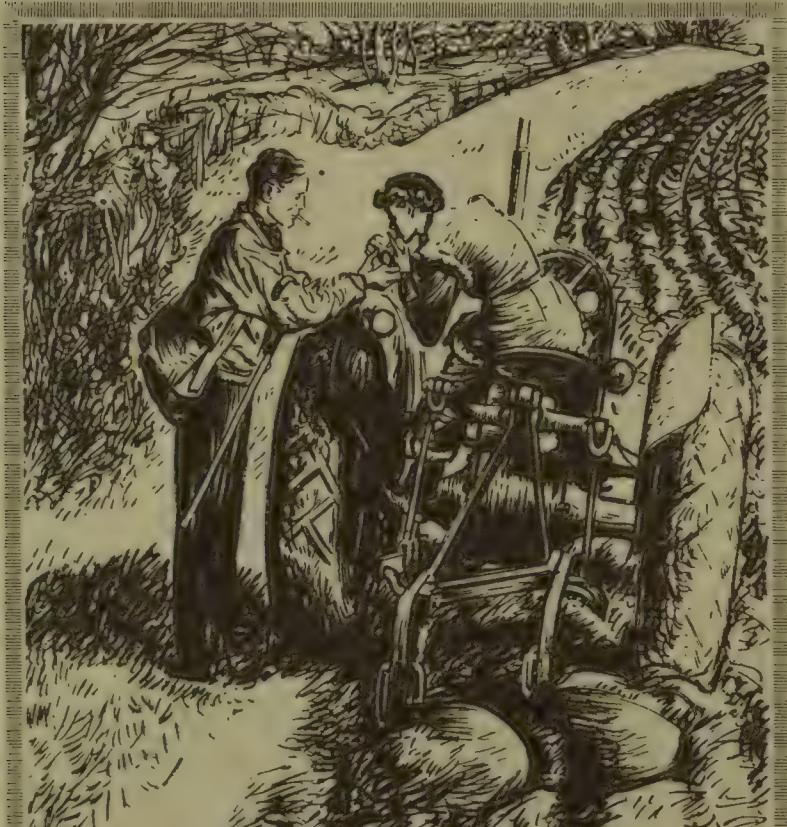


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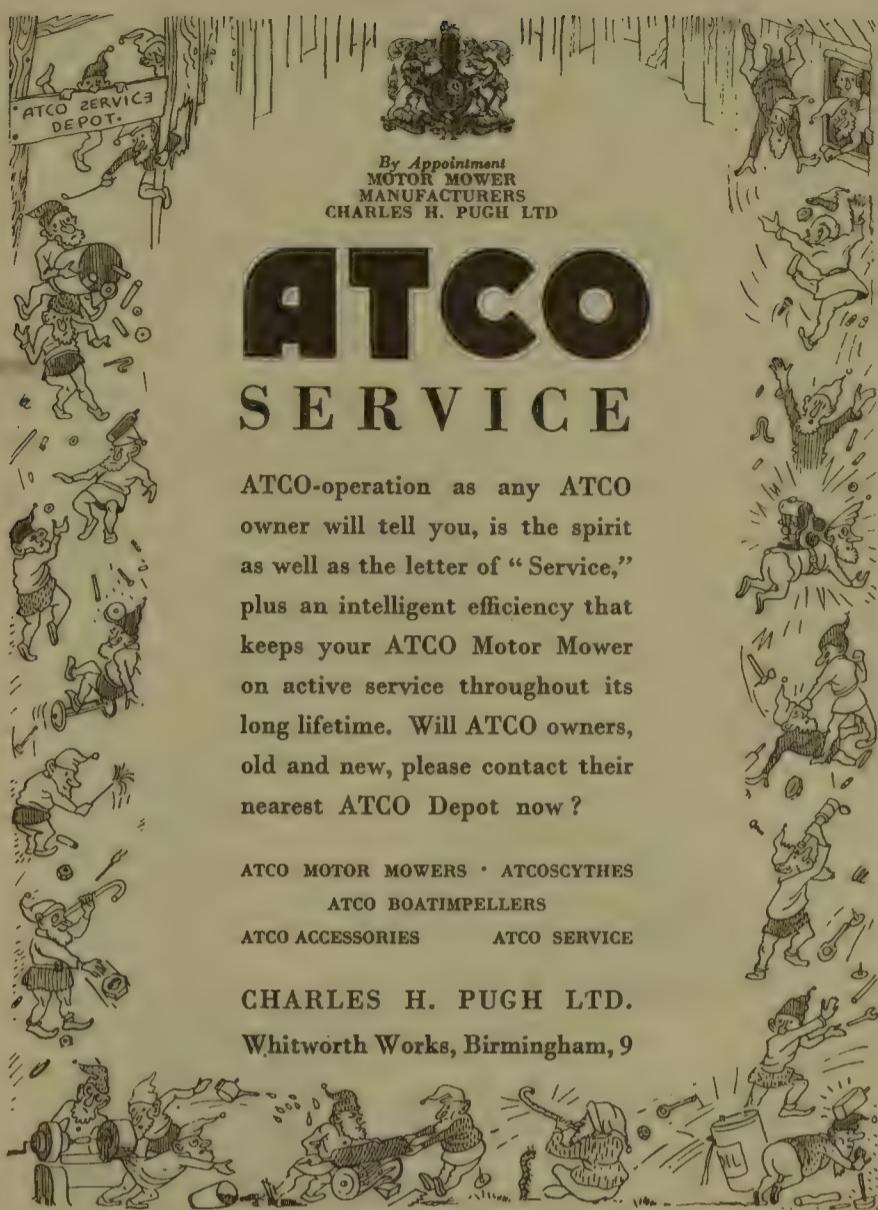
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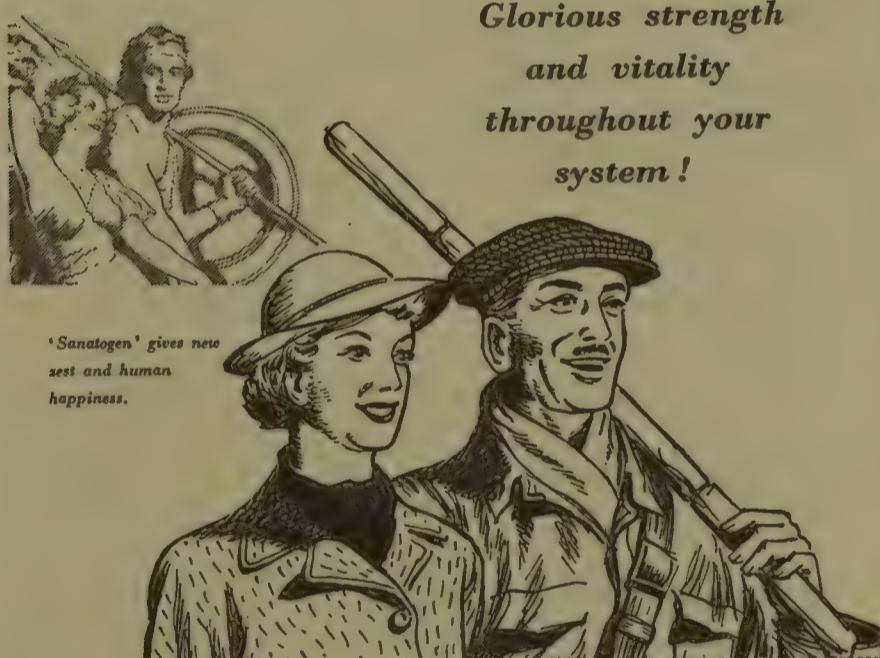
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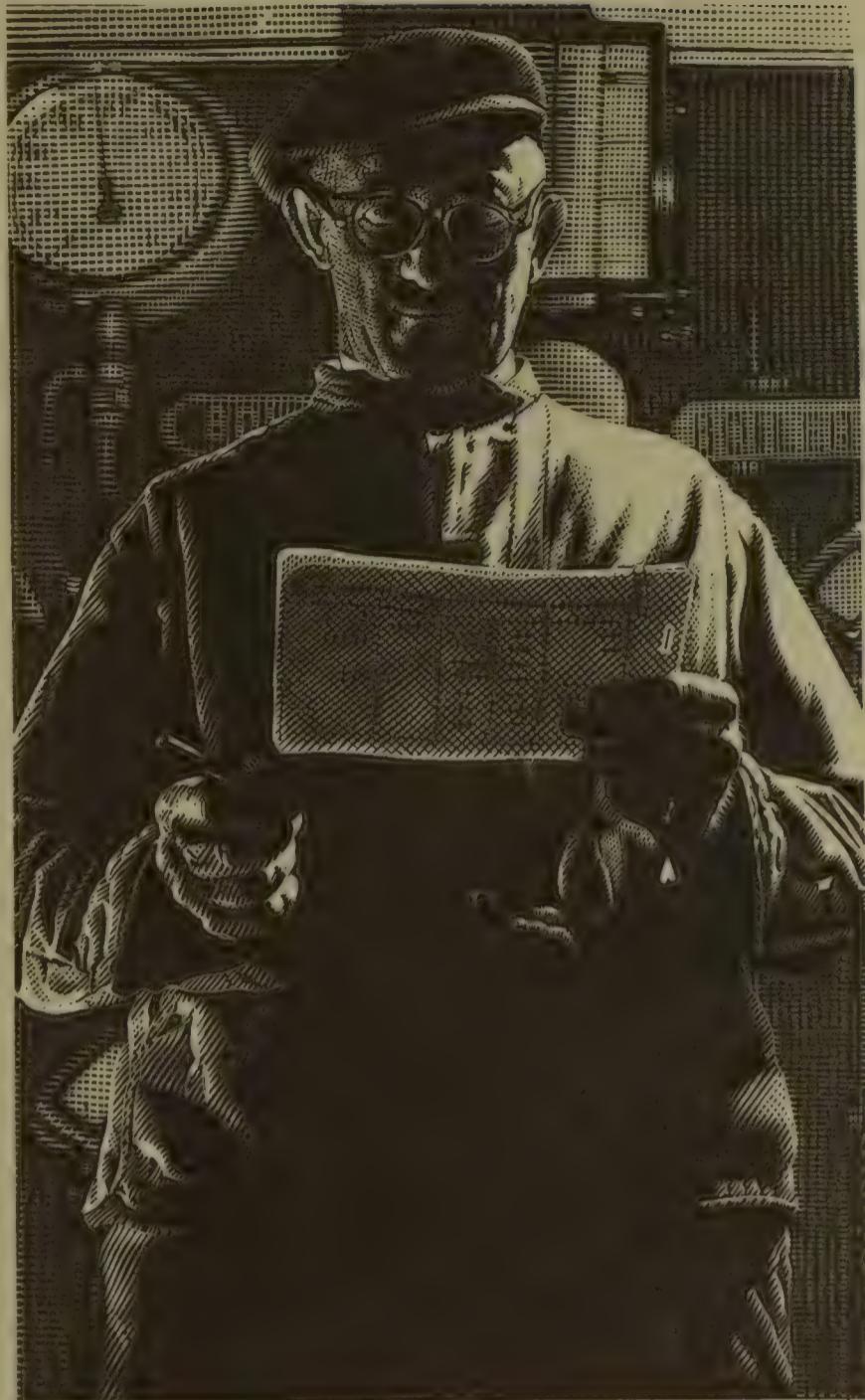
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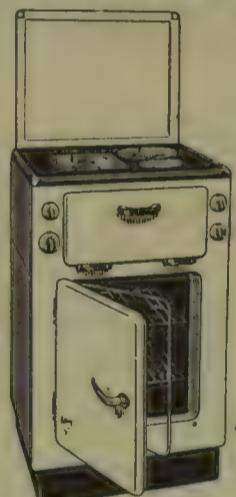
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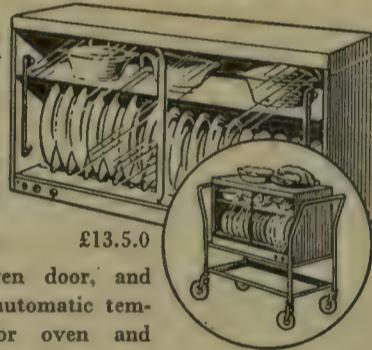
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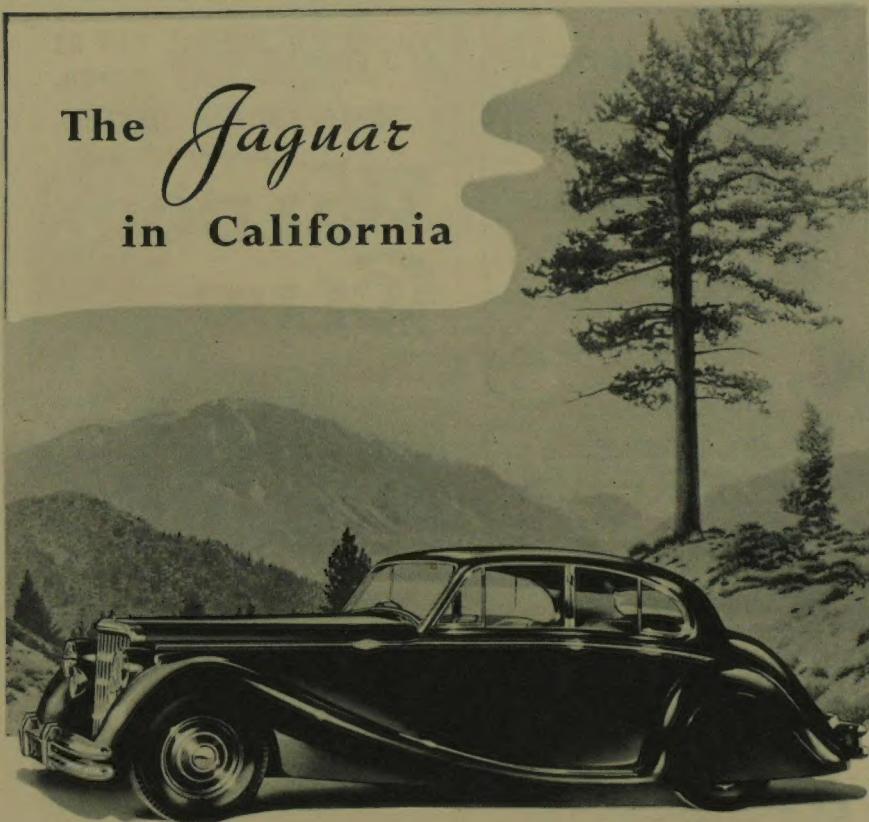
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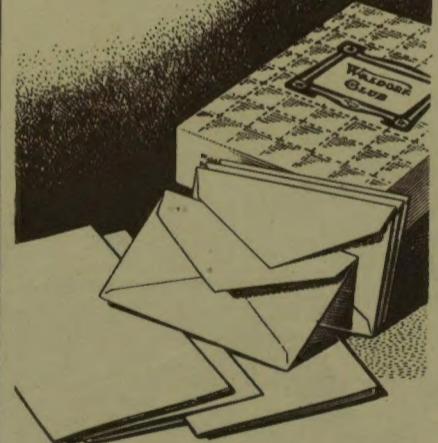
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